

AMERICA

A CATHOLIC REVIEW OF THE WEEK

MARCH 14, 1942

WHO'S WHO

PETER PAUL COSGROVE follows his article on the global nature of the war (February 28) by a study of what makes the Nipponese act like Japs. Under recent date, the author wrote: "Any articles I may be able to present for your consideration on war issues will, I hope, be characterized by the attempt to get down to the bottom of things, down to basic principles. This is, of course, wholly in line with the general character of AMERICA." Thank you, Peter Paul. He is about to enter the armed services, but we trust that he may be able to continue to offer us his commentaries. . . . THOMAS F. MEEHAN is progressing to his eighty-eighth birthday this year. Who better than he to keep our records straight on the Catholic past? As President of the United States Catholic Historical Society, and as the active principle in its publications, he is planning to reproduce the plates of the first Catholic novel published in this country. . . . MARY J. MCCORMICK, as Associate Professor in the School of Social Work, Loyola University, Chicago, Ill., is equipped both by study and by personal experience to discuss the new role that social agencies must undertake during the war stress. . . . JOHN WILTBYE, from the vantage point of the antiquity he assumes, casts a reflecting glance on the current trends in collegianism. . . . HENRY W. KELLY has been considering our invitation to write about South America for some time. This is his first contribution. He is the grandson of New Mexico's well-known merchant and pioneer. At present, he is engaged in the Anzoategui oil-fields. . . . THOMAS J. MCCARTHY, of Los Angeles, Calif., who gives us what he calls "a meditation for Saint Patrick's day," is at present at the Catholic University of America.

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COMMENT

HIGHER tribute to General MacArthur could not be paid than that urging his removal from Bataan Peninsula in order that either he might take command of the Allied forces in the Southern Pacific or that he might be brought back to the United States to serve on a global strategy board. General MacArthur is performing one of the most notable exploits in American military history. The men with him, Filipino and American, are winning unreserved praise for courage and determination. General MacArthur and his men have proved that they will persevere unto the end. It is tragic to think that that end may come through complete exhaustion of men and material. It is but a hope to think that the end of his campaign may mean a resurgence of attack against the Japanese forces, through additional American soldiers and the best equipment that this country can produce. Being a soldier of the most honorable type, General MacArthur would, undoubtedly, choose to remain with his American and Filipino troops. It is understood that he himself would oppose his removal, even for a greater good, almost to the point of insubordination. But being commanded, he would obey. It is our thought that General MacArthur would better help us win the war by fighting for us on the Bataan Peninsula. For his courage and his defiance of the enemy are examples and symbols that we need to imitate, here upon the home front.

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PROPOSING to the House Ways and Means Committee the Treasury's plan to raise nine billion dollars in additional taxes, Secretary Morgenthau said: "It is a million times cheaper to win than to lose." With this sentiment every citizen will agree, even though he has to pay until it hurts and hurts. Likewise, will there be accord on the Administration's desire to pay now as much of the war bill as possible, rather than defer the burden to generations yet unborn. On the specific recommendations of the Treasury, judgment cannot be passed until more time is available to consider them. In general, the proposals, while undoubtedly severe, especially on middle class incomes, seem wise and equitable. Mr. Morgenthau laudably discarded a general sales tax which would take the pressure off Congress and place it on the poor. He refused, also, against considerable opposition, to tax married persons with two or more children, before their income reaches the \$2,400-level. Some will question the justice of an eight-dollar tax on incomes as low as \$750, but since this provision applies only to single persons without dependents, no undue great hardship may be involved. Heavier excise taxes on alcoholic drinks, smoking materials, oil and gasoline were expected and can be borne with relative ease. Few will quarrel with the steep jump in the excess prof-

its provision of the corporation tax structure, or with the recommendations to plug loopholes in the present tax law. One of these, though, calling for joint returns on incomes of husband and wife will be long and violently controverted. All in all, the Treasury has given Congress an honest basis for the largest tax bill in the nation's history.

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PICTURES of forced "confessions," judicial brow-beating, threat-weighted cross questionings, are associated today with state trials under any kind of totalitarian influence. Some wonder, therefore, attaches to the procedure at Riom, where counsel for the defendants, General Gamelin and ex-Premiers Blum and Daladier takes the floor and speaks, apparently, in complete absence of any inhibitions as to possible reflections on the present Vichy Government. Possibilities are now that the trials will continue for several months. In the meanwhile, the accusers will seem to be on trial quite as much as the accused. Developments at Riom, however, may prove to be less disadvantageous to the cause of the Pétain Government than may at first sight appear. By conducting the trials in strict accordance with traditional French court procedure, instead of using stream-lined totalitarian methods, the Government once more has an opportunity to make its best show of independence of the impatient conqueror. Bad as things are for non-occupied France, they are, nevertheless, better than when last July, through former Minister Adrien Marquet, the Vichy Government announced its intention to prosecute those responsible for the French entry into the war. Moreover, Vichy is shrewd enough to know that the only evidence which in the long run will be believed by the world at large, is that which has been elicited through free testimony, not that which has been extorted by fear.

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CENSORSHIP is a harsh-sounding word in the ears of Americans. It is a procedure that people of this country have not had to endure in the past, and that they react against even in the present emergencies. It is fully agreed, by press and people, that there must be some responsible censorship of war news and of all matters relating to national defense and security. All possible leaks of vital or helpful information that would be to the advantage, even the slightest, of our enemies must be securely closed. It is only for the common good that there should be a rigid regulation of the nature and amount of official information issued, and a regulation of the nature of inside-information that is published in the press. Secrets must be held inviolate. But the tendency to increase censorship beyond what is necessary must inevitably bring about fear

of transgression, on the part of those writing and speaking the news, and a feeling of insecurity and dissatisfaction on the part of readers and listeners. All of us realize that 1942 may be a year of bad news, just as we realize that there are hopeful years beyond. We can stand the news, even though deplorable. But we cannot have full confidence and complete unity if we have the idea that we are not getting the news. If a democratic people is fighting the war, the preservation of the ways of democracy will give a greater fighting strength to the people.

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FROM the standpoint of civic peace, as well as the example to other communities, it is tragic that a situation should have developed such as that which attended the establishment of the Sojourner Truth Settlement, a Negro Federal housing project in Detroit. Such disorder was created by white objectors on the day that the Negro tenants were expected to move in, that occupancy was impossible, and local authorities were compelled to leave to Washington the decision as to how the tangle could be resolved. Since all that the Negro defense workers and their families were concerned about was to find a place to live, it was peculiarly unfortunate that the explosive possibilities of the situation should not have been fully explored at the very beginning. Instead, they were apparently left to chance, to be batted about, in football fashion, between opposing groups. Most unfortunate of all was the circumstance that some of the overzealous, Catholic religious leaders in that neighborhood permitted themselves and their followers to become involved in the dispute. Whatever bungling may have led to this or similar impasses, they cannot be settled by quarreling and violence. Sober and dispassionate conference is indicated, to be engaged in by thoughtful and responsible citizens, representing all groups concerned.

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AGED eight, Bobby listened, unbeknown, while his lawyer-father related in the home circle some reprehensible doings among unethical circles in the metropolitan legal profession. Already aware of his parent's skill in cross-examination, he decided to try a little cross-examining on his own. "Daddy," he began, innocently, "what's an ethical lawyer?" "An ethical lawyer, my son, is a *good* lawyer." "Does that mean all good lawyers are ethical lawyers?" "Well, yes—no—not precisely. There are good lawyers—it means a lawyer who is a good man." Bobby pursued: "So are you an ethical lawyer?" "Why, yes; I think I am." "That's just what I don't understand, Daddy. When a man is really good he doesn't think he is good. And you say you are an ethical lawyer." Leaving Bobby to his deeper reflections, each of us, be he a lawyer or whatever be his calling, can spend a very profitable Lent in a little expert self-cross-examination upon the ethics of his own profession. While the Government is laboriously inquiring as to what each man can do for his country's armed defense, every individual can question himself as to what he or she can do

toward his country's spiritual defense. The battle is on and the battle is unceasing. Let none be too confident that he is wholly "good."

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SOME of our readers have been anxiously wondering what effect the war has had on the British cooperative movement with its 8,750,000 members and a retail business in excess of \$1,500,000,000 annually. According to information furnished by the Cooperative League News Service, these readers can cease their worrying. Although the scarcity of goods has brought about a small reduction of about two per cent in total sales, the movement as a whole is thriving and making a valuable contribution to the British war effort. Not only has membership grown since the outbreak of hostilities in 1939, but thousands of non-members, realizing that cooperative stores cannot profiteer, have chosen them as the place to secure rationed goods. In this way, the practice and philosophy of cooperation is reaching a large number of people hitherto inaccessible and uninterested. If enough of them come to see that there is more human satisfaction, and material prosperity as well, in banding together to achieve economic objectives, than in selfish individualism, Britain may arise from her ordeal a wiser and a happier land.

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SUCCESS of the British cooperatives in facilitating, without detriment to the consumer, the distribution of rationed goods gives added emphasis to the recent request of Murray D. Lincoln, President of the Cooperative League of the United States, for consumer-cooperative representation on all local rationing boards. Since 5,000 local boards have already been set up to handle the rationing of rubber tires, and since 5,000 more will probably be needed to administer the rationing of sugar, it is clear that the task of supervising this work is beyond the present capacity of the War Production Board and Mr. Henderson's Office of Price Administration. What more logical, and efficient, step could be taken than to draft the willing members of American cooperatives in this emergency? Their experience with consumer problems would be an invaluable asset. Before a final decision on the makeup of the rationing boards is determined, we hope that Messrs. Nelson and Henderson will give serious consideration to Mr. Lincoln's request.

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VERY severe is the list of accusations made by the Senate Civil Liberties subcommittee, consisting of Senators Robert M. LaFollette, of Wisconsin, and Elbert D. Thomas, of Utah, in their report on California industrial policies. The burden of these charges lies in the imputation of "organized conspiracies of employers' associations to flout the law"; and the spearpoint of the subcommittee's recommendations is, that these conspiracies should be effectively outlawed. In the agricultural industry in particular, the committee declares, employment relations have been left "in the unfettered control of

employers' groups and associations," with results "almost beyond belief." Among the results are included "unemployment, underemployment, disorganized and haphazard migrancy, bad housing, denial of civil liberties," etc. Not having the committee's facilities at our command, we have no way to ascertain how fully these allegations are justified. Debate on the legislation proposed by the committee will bring much of this to light. It is to be desired, however, that the light be not spared; for cooperation of all groups and classes, on the land or away from it, is the urgent need of the hour.

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FEWER frills in men's clothing has been ordered by the War Production Board. Thinking of the frills that adorn the gentleman's vestures, we seized upon three possible amputations: buttons on sleeves, cuffs on pants and collars on coats. Doing away with these evident frivolities would, it seemed to us, conserve valuable stocks of raw and manufactured material. It would seem now that a reinterpretation of the W.P.B. order deals only with the cuffs on the trousers, and that the Victory Suit will be collared as usual. Nothing is decided about buttons. But vests must be done away with, it seems, if intended for double-breasted suits. Full-dress coats, cutaway coats, and double-breasted tuxedos are either to be suppressed or rationed. The orders are quite explicit about the elimination of belts for overcoats, and patch pockets are not to be tolerated. Clothiers were not greatly dismayed. "There is nothing in it" (the W.P.B. plan), says one dealer, "that will hurt a man's appearance." "The government needs cloth," says another, "not referring specifically, it is true, to cuffless trousers, and we've got to conserve it." Still a third affirmed: "Many men today don't wear cuffs." While a fourth lamented: "There is nothing drastic about the order and we don't believe it will stimulate sales in any way." Summer is coming, and the Victory Suits will not be on sale till the Autumn.

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IF you are not one of those to whom sleep comes easily, you have probably reached out into the dark aerial pathways of the night to summon some radio entertainment for the beguiling of your wakefulness. If you have, you will agree that that way lies madness. With what weird wailings and blatant cacophony is the night made hideous! Those hallowed and silent hours between midnight and dawn are almost entirely given over to the weary bleatings of tired saxophones and the monotonous tomtoms of dreary drums, relieved only by grim and ominous dispatches about the war. From roadhouses in Jersey, hotels in Chicago, night-clubs in Cleveland and dance halls in Sioux City, the tired beat of blousy music comes out of the night—a tinny accompaniment to the hoofbeats of the Four Horsemen. When will some enterprising station put on a program of the sound of waves tumbling against rocky shores or rain on a roof or the sighing of the wind in pine trees as an antidote to war jitters?

THE WAR. President Roosevelt reorganized the Army, setting up three main groups: the Ground Force, the Air Force, the Service of Supply. . . . The War and Navy Departments announced that the Pearl Harbor commanders, Major General Walter C. Short and Admiral H. E. Kimmel would be tried by courts-martial at such time "as the public interest and safety" permit. . . . Parts of Washington, Oregon, California, Arizona were designated as military zones from which all Japanese, citizens as well as aliens, must move. . . . The State Department recognized General de Gaulle's authority in New Caledonia and other Pacific islands, where the Free French are in control. . . . Launched were: the destroyer *Aulick*, the submarine chaser *PC-487*, the minesweeper *YMS-26*, the world's first aviation rescue boat, the *P-73*. . . . Acting on orders by President Roosevelt to accelerate arms production, Donald M. Nelson adopted new speed-up measures, including a drive for a 168-hour week for each production machine. . . . Congress completed action on the nation's largest war bill, one for \$32,762,737,900. . . . Additional United States troops landed in Northern Ireland. . . . Several hundred from that location went to London. . . . In the Caribbean, an enemy submarine shelled Mona Island, southeast of Puerto Rico, inflicted no damage. A British merchant ship was sunk by a U-boat. . . . Off Cape May, N. J., the World War destroyer, *Jacob Jones*, was torpedoed and sunk. Eleven of the crew were saved. A freighter and two tankers were also sent to the bottom by submersibles off the United States east coast. . . . A U-boat, attacked by a new United States destroyer, was believed destroyed. . . . In the Canadian Atlantic waters, the U-boat score reached twenty-two ships sunk. . . . Three bombs dropped near Honolulu. . . . Sixteen of eighteen Japanese bombers, attacking an American fleet west of the Gilbert Islands, were shot down. Loss to the American fleet: two planes, one pilot. . . . Ship tonnage sunk by United States' submarines off Japan's coast mounted to 44,900. . . . Tokyo reported an attack on Wake Island. . . . Thirty planes bombed one of the Japanese Bonin islands, 3,000 miles west of Honolulu. . . . From December 7 to February 27, the United States Army air force sank at least nineteen Japanese ships, damaged thirty-one others, shot down at least 245 Nipponese airplanes, with a loss of forty-eight American planes. Aircraft lost on the ground are not included. . . . The American Volunteer Group with the Chinese shot down 165 Tokyo airships, lost thirty-one. . . . In the Philippines, Commonwealth President Quezon pledged continued resistance to the invaders, as did Moro leaders from Mindanao. American planes sent three large Japanese transports to the bottom of Subic Bay, drowning thousands of troops. No enemy aircraft were present during the action. General MacArthur's forward elements held a line stretching from north of Abucay on Manila Bay to a point on the China Sea, midway between Bagac and Moron. The General authorized expenditure of \$10,000,000 for soldier-civilian relief. . . . After three heavy naval battles, the Nipponese finally landed troops in Java, and captured Batavia, the Capital.

NINE Catholic Canadian weeklies are amalgamated in the new *Canadian Register*, published at Kingston, Ont., whose Vol. I, No. 1, appeared on February 28 of this year. The Holy Father himself sent his benediction to the new enterprise which hopes to be, in its own words, a "symbol of unity, a source of information, a weapon of truth" for the English-speaking Catholics of Canada. Among the nine are the following: the *Crusader*, Diocese of Pembroke; the *Northern Catholic*, Diocese of Sault Ste. Marie; the *Canadian Freeman*, Kingston; the *Montreal Beacon*; the *Catholic Register* and *Canadian Extension*, of Toronto.

FRIENDS of Father Cyril C. Martindale, S.J., who has been in Denmark since England entered the war, have recently been gratified by hearing from him. Though his health has been permanently weakened ever since an auto smash-up he experienced some years ago in New Zealand, he reports himself as improving under the care of a competent local physician. This person, incidentally, is "engaged on the third huge volume of his book on Luther, entirely from the psychopathic point of view," and Father Martindale believes it will be a sensation. "At Christmas," he writes, "I shall probably receive a parcel or two containing soap (mania for sending me soap—and since hot baths are 'off,' my need of it is not excessive)." In the meanwhile he has received several people into the Church, and rejoices in the opportunity for "soaking and resoaking" himself in the Scriptures. From which we conclude it is the same Father Martindale.

STRONG but none too strong words are used by John S. Kennedy in *Columbia* for March, apropos of birth-control propaganda:

Let us make no mistake. This home-grown species of Hitlerism—"planned parenthood"—waxes apace. It is ever more tightly organized. It is well supplied with funds. It has friends in places of prominence and authority. It makes ever greater use of propaganda and pressure. It is undeterred by the nation's plight and prospects. It is single-minded and relentless. It is determined to prevail, however much it may injure this Republic morally or physically. The size and the strength of this national death-drive are, let us bear in mind, the greatest single peril, bar none, to the future of the United States.

The term "Hitlerism" is not employed loosely. Avowed purpose of the most advanced advocates of "planned parenthood" is government control of race propagation: precisely a principal plank in the Hitler racist platform.

YOU cannot, however, successfully combat something with nothing. The most specious arguments for "planned parenthood" are drawn from instances where high standards of "parenthood" having been stressed, with soft-pedaling on the "planned," the apostles of the movement have skilfully created an impression that birth-control has somehow helped to increase the birth rate. Swedish experiments are particularly cited in this connection. For this reason, open welcome should be extended to every movement which will help to inspire—as just this

"something"—a wide diffusion of the fine Catholic ideal of family life and joyful parental obligations for the newly and the to-be married. The Confraternity Home Study Service, directed by the Rev. L. J. Fallon, C.M., 7800 Kenrick Road, St. Louis, Mo., is one means to this end.

IMMEDIATE steps for overcoming the disruption of family life were advocated by Dr. Paul Popenoe, director of the Institute of Family Relations, Los Angeles, in a Detroit address. Dr. Popenoe said that the social life of American cities is organized and planned not for mothers and fathers but for husbands and wives. The depression and the current war have made the situation much more drastic. "Authorities of a previous era," he said, "had predicted that this century would most certainly be a beneficent and progressive one for America's children, but thus far it has proved just the opposite." Family space in defense housing projects, emphasis in schools that marriage is a cooperative affair, etc., were recommended. Such proposals as Dr. Popenoe offers do not touch the root of the evil; but they help to eliminate certain important factors that smooth the path for divorce and birth control.

FOR the fourth time, Fordham University will sponsor, on March 20, its annual conference on the Eastern Rites. Theme this year will be the Byzantine-Slavic rite, which will be discussed by the Rev. Dr. Thomas J. McMahon, of Dunwoodie Seminary; the Rev. Andrew Rogosh, of St. Michael's Russian Catholic Chapel, New York; and Rev. Stephen Gulovich, chancellor of the Pittsburgh Greek Rite diocese. The following day, at ten o'clock, the Sacred Liturgy (Mass) will be concelebrated in Saint Patrick's Cathedral by representatives of the three principal divisions, United Byzantine-Slavic rite.

DEAR to the heart of Hitler is the scheme for a Nazi-controlled Byzantine-Slavic Orthodox Church. Poland and the Ukraine are the regions where he has been carrying on the most skilful manipulations for this end, and his plans have been facilitated by the usual supply of ambitious clerics. Chief step in this direction was the attempt to subject the Orthodox Church in Poland to Seraphim, Archbishop of the Orthodox in Germany, against whose consecration, as invalid, the acting Patriarch of the Orthodox Church in Moscow, Sergius, protested. According to the *New York Times* Moscow correspondent, on February 21, Sergius protested also, on February 5, against the validity of Hitler-inspired attempts to create an independent Church.

FOR the first time in nearly four hundred years, Iceland has a Catholic native Bishop. Jon Arason, Bishop of Holar, died, a martyr to the Faith, on November 7, 1551. The Most Rev. Martin Meulenbergh, of the Montfortan Fathers, a Hollander, was raised to the episcopate, as Vicar Apostolic of Iceland, in 1929, with the title of Bishop of Holar. Bishop Meulenbergh died August 3, 1941, and is now succeeded by the Most Rev. John Gunnarson, born in Reykjavik, Iceland, in 1897.

JAPAN WAS PLUNGED INTO WAR BY THE WILL OF THE MILITARISTS

PETER PAUL COSGROVE

IN a preceding article, this writer analyzed certain fundamentals of military and naval strategy associated with the policies of the United Nations and their war effort in the Pacific area. Proceeding on a basis of military concepts, he showed the reasons for the Allies' present continuance of defensive actions. At the same time, he forecast an approaching transition to offensive tactics, as the war in the Pacific entered a new phase. "The time seems to be approaching when the Allies will be able to dictate to Japan a combined aerial and naval warfare."

Chiefly in view of the swell of public criticism, no doubt, various leaders of the United Nations have recently assured us that such a transition to the offensive will soon be made—a transition which, of course, they have been planning all along. The most forthright enunciation of this change in strategy was that of Secretary Stimson, who declared on February 19:

The only way to end the war is to take the offensive and to take it as vigorously as possible . . . we shall seize every opportunity for attack, and utilize every opportunity for surprise.

It is no secret that the key to an Allied victory in the Pacific lies in an all-out attack by combined Allied forces on a few vital spots in the Japanese system of organization. Japan has spread out fantastically, and every indication available points to her further extending her lines. Most vital spot of all, of course, is the island of Honshu, mainland of the Japanese archipelago, the brain, the heart and the nutritive system of Japanese imperialism. The Allied Nations can willingly accept punishing body-blows, in return for the opportunity to make a series of lethal thrusts at Osaka, Yokohama and Tokyo. We must not expect to see this done within a few weeks, or even a few months. It will require an elaborate assemblage of equipment and man-power, and a campaign planned on a basis of successive advances from one or more great bases. But there can be no reasonable doubt that such a vast counter-offensive eventually will be made.

In the event of the success of this counter-offensive against the Japanese homeland, one of the greatest of all historical ironies will result. The Japanese homeland will be conquered, because of the grandiose program of Japan's militarists and industrialists to aggrandize Japan at the expense of other peoples of Eastern Asia.

To understand this colossal gamble which Japan

is making, one must understand the forces in her national life which make her perhaps the greatest contradiction among the nations of the world. Throughout the whole fabric of Japanese life runs a pattern of *duality*. Japan seems unable to be consistent. For eight hundred years or more, she has not been able to settle down to one brand of government or to one form of life. She has been teetering for centuries between war and peace, between a military dictatorship and an urbane monarchy. And unfortunately for us today, the balance has tipped in favor of militarism since 1931.

The roots of militarism had been planted for three centuries in Japan, when, in 1192, Yoritomo Minamoto, by his shrewd and vigorous reorganization of Japanese society, gave to Japan a military system of government which was to last for six centuries. Yoritomo, a feudal lord, had subdued all his competitors and had captured the Emperor. To make sure of his supremacy, he killed his own brother. But he did not kill the Emperor. The Emperor's person was sacred, and besides he was more valuable to Yoritomo alive. Yoritomo was all respect and reverence for the Emperor, to such an extent that he shut him up in holy seclusion at Kyoto, where lay the nominal capital of the civil and religious power in Japan. But shrewd Yoritomo had the Emperor create him *shogun*, or supreme military leader: he became the Duce of his day.

And then Yoritomo established the seat of military government at the fortress of Kamakura, whence he organized and managed a vast system of military rule which spread throughout the Empire. The civil administration went on all the time, but it was subordinate to Yoritomo's *bakufu*, or government of the military camp. Yoritomo enjoyed all the benefits of supremacy, but he had the Japanese passion for managing things from behind the stage. The Empire was dual in government, yet unified in the person of the Emperor.

This cleavage between the civil and the military authority, which produced resultant duality throughout the whole of Japanese life, lasted with but few exceptions until the "restoration" of the Emperor Meiji in 1867. At that time, a group of powerful statesmen effected the abolition of the supreme military command in the person of the *shogun*, and established the preeminence of the Emperor—apparently. The power of the feudal nobles as a class was decisively broken in the civil war of 1877, and in 1889 a constitution was drafted

which purported to consolidate the traditional cult of the Emperor with modern principles of constitutional government. Ostensibly, the era of duality in government was at an end.

Yet it was significant that, among the leaders of the restoration, there were many powerful military and naval leaders, especially from the Choshu and Satsuma clans. The *gunjitaiken*, or supreme military authority, was by the Constitution of 1889 (Articles XI and XII) vested in the person of the Emperor. It did not lie in the hands of the cabinet, hence of the parliament, as in most modern democracies. In fact, the chief of the army general staff and the chief of the naval staff were not only not responsible to the cabinet, they were not even within the real jurisdiction of the ministers of war and of the navy. They were subject to the Emperor alone. As if this were not enough to assure the independence and power of military and naval leaders, it was later enacted that the minister of war must be chosen from among the generals, and the minister of the navy from among the admirals. Both ministers were by the Constitution given the all-important right of direct access to the Emperor (*iaku joso*). It threatened to be the old story of militarism *versus* civil authority all over again.

For the heads of the army and of the navy were not under the command of the cabinet nor of the Diet. Yet, they were entitled to two seats in the cabinet, and by withholding their support, they could (and more than once did) wreck any cabinet that offered resistance to their plans for military expansion and conquest. Subject only to the Emperor, they were able to defy the Diet in the pursuit of their aggressive ideas—as in the Manchuria venture of 1932. And, in spite of setbacks, they have apparently in general controlled the Emperor. A wave of liberalism and of constitutionalism was rising in Japan in the nineteen-twenties, but the events of 1931-1932 broke that wave. By their dedication in those years to the program of military conquest in China (a program centuries old), Japan's warrior chieftains not only satisfied their own thirst for warlike achievement and Japanese expansion, but also for a time relieved popular tensions.

The consolidation of military and naval power in Japan has been facilitated because of the clan system. The navy for years has been dominated by members of the Satsuma clan, while in the army the Choshu clan has had the widest influence. Both military and naval leaders (as well as statesmen, financiers and industrialists) are careful to pay the greatest reverence to the person of the Emperor. As in the days of Yoritomo, the unity of Japanese land and life is summed up in the Emperor. No matter what religious skepticism they may entertain in secret, Japanese leaders neither dare nor care to impugn the divinity and the preeminence of the Emperor. He is assured of his sacred and supreme position by the Constitution (Articles I and II), but that is nothing. What matters is that he is everything to the Japanese people.

So good an authority as René Grousset (*The Civilizations of the East: Japan*, p. 7) declares that

the Japanese people actually do not believe in the traditional legends. But they cultivate and reverence them as essential to Japanese life. And it is certain that Japanese leaders, especially her military leaders, have fostered the cult of the Emperor as one of the surest guarantees of their own influence and of Japanese imperialism.

From this duality of government (called by the Japanese, *niju seifu*), wherein Japan's warrior chieftains have one foot on the quarter-deck and one in the Diet, flows a sinister duality of diplomacy. This duality, which is largely responsible for Japan's gross inconsistencies and even treacheries in her relations with other nations, is recognized by the Japanese themselves, who term it *niju gwaiko* (dual diplomacy). The army and navy heads not only have a legitimate voice in shaping and carrying out foreign policy (by their representation in the cabinet and their relationship to the Emperor), but they also exercise a kind of lawless and irresponsible foreign policy by means of independent military action.

This is the explanation of the Siberian expedition of 1918, the Shantung invasion in 1928 and the Mukden incident in 1931, which ruptured the policy of peaceful relations with China which had been envisioned by the Foreign Office. Independent and unauthorized action by militarists was probably also at the bottom of the surprise attack on a Chinese troop-ship which started the Sino-Japanese war of 1894-1895. No doubt Japan's Foreign Office has been guilty of its own acts of double-dealing and double-talk. For instance, the Japanese Government has broken its many pledges of support to the British in the Pacific, and has violated its repeated pledges to the United States that it would respect the integrity of the Philippines. Yet, the responsibility for most of the profound inconsistencies and contradictions in Japanese policy probably must be ascribed to the peculiar system of dual government and dual diplomacy, which has given the green light to the aggressive imperialistic designs of Japan's military leaders. The responsibility for this war is largely chargeable to them.

This is not said in ignorance of the pressure brought to bear by other groups (industrialists, financiers, ultra-nationalistic statesmen, leaders of patriotic and secret societies, and so on) in favor of a war with the United States. Nor does it mean that this war has been forced upon an unwilling people by a small clique of militarists, as a writer recently stated in the *Reader's Digest*. One would like to believe that were so, but the registrations in the rolls of the many patriotic societies—to give but one argument—show that this war has the enthusiastic support of many millions at least of the Japanese people. And its consecration by Emperor Hirohito renders it not only good but sacred.

Withal, it is ironical to reflect that (granted, of course, an Allied victory) Japan itself will be lowered to the status of a third-class power, because of the too-eager desires of its leaders to make it the ruler of all East Asia. Such a result would be in keeping with the history of this country of contradictions.

OLDEST SHRINES TO SAINT PATRICK

THOMAS F. MEEHAN

IN the course of years St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York, has evolved from its local status and become a national institution in which everybody everywhere is interested and wants to know everything that is happening to it. Just now a new high altar is being placed there that is more in harmony and proportion with the plan of the splendid Gothic interior than the one that had been used for half a century. In the announcements printed in the press telling of this change, the statement was made that old St. Patrick's in Mott Street, the original cathedral building, was the first church in the United States to be dedicated to Saint Patrick. This is a mistake. There were several others for which he was made the patron before New York, in 1815, was included in that honor roll.

A search through the *Catholic Directory* indicated that there are 425 churches in the United States that are dedicated to Saint Patrick. New York, N. Y., Newark, N. J., Rochester, N. Y., Harrisburg, Pa., El Paso and Corpus Christi, Tex., have him as their diocesan patron. He seems to be most popular in the Dubuque Archdiocese, which has twenty churches named after him, and in the Peoria Diocese, which has nineteen. Even Honolulu has its St. Patrick's church. In Superior, Wis., there are three with the *Directory* tag "German and English," and in Oklahoma, the Benedictines have a very successful Indian mission and school. So far there is no St. Patrick's for Colored Catholics, although Irish priests have been in charge of many such congregations and have been leaders in the agitation or active promotion of methods for the improvement of Negro social, industrial and educational conditions.

Carlisle, Pa., claims to be the first congregation in the United States to be organized under the patronage of Saint Patrick, in a log house chapel in 1779, and boasts that the present permanent structure dates from 1806.

In 1797, the Irish ship builders, James Kavanaugh and Matthew Cottrel, turned a lumber shed into a St. Patrick's chapel. For their workmen, at Damariscotta, Me., the Reverend John Cheverus, of Boston (later Bishop and Cardinal), came and said Mass in it. He came there again, and dedicated the church, still used, on July 17, 1808, the second Catholic church built in New England.

The corner stone of St. Patrick's, Baltimore, Md., was laid July 10, 1804, and the completed building dedicated May 29, 1807.

St. Patrick's, Augusta, Ga., dates from 1813, and, strange to say, the once "Father" Cheverus of Boston said the Mass. Again it was he who, as Bishop of Boston, officiated, May 4, 1815, at the dedication

of old St. Patrick's, New York. This contact with three of the pioneer churches is notable. He was made Bishop of Boston, November 8, 1910, and returned to France in 1823 to be Archbishop of Bordeaux and Cardinal. He died July 19, 1836. New York, therefore, does not head the list of Saint Patrick's 425 churches.

The ground on which old St. Patrick's, Mott Street, New York, was built, was bought by the trustees of St. Peter's, Barclay Street, in 1801-1803, to be used as a cemetery. At their meeting, on May 24, 1809, they decided that a new church was needed for that part of the city, and that it should be located there, and be the Cathedral for New York's newly appointed Bishop. Father Anthony Kohlmann, S.J., laid the corner stone, on June 8, 1809, but the edifice was not finished until 1815 when Bishop Cheverus dedicated it to Saint Patrick on May 4. The leading architect of the city, Joseph F. Mangin, drew the plans. Peter Morte was the superintendent, and Michael Roth, clerk of the work, at wages of \$2 a day. Bishop Plessis of Quebec, who was in New York shortly after the church was opened, thus describes it:

It has already cost \$90,000 but as yet has no steeple or sacristy or enclosure or annexed buildings. Besides there is no roof casing or pointed joints although the very ordinary stone of which it is built requires both. To make up for this, the interior is magnificent.

Bishop McQuaid of Rochester, who was brought up in the parish, said, when the old church was rededicated in 1868 after a fire:

The elders of the congregation remember no doubt the high straightbacked pews constructed apparently with a view to uncomfortableness, the freezing temperature of a winter's morning in a building without a fire, and the dim light of a Lenten evening's service that came from the candles in the tin sconces hung on the columns and just enough to show the darkness. The methods and arrangements of those times and of our fathers were more remarkable for simplicity and economy than for comfort and brilliancy.

The churchyard continued to be used as a cemetery until it was closed in 1833, when 32,153 burials had been made within its limits, among them the Fathers of the Catholic community. Bishop Connelly, the first resident prelate, reposed in one of the vaults, and his successor Bishop Dubois was buried, according to his wish, and an old custom, under the slab at the main entrance. There was an inscription to this effect there, but the march of time effaced it, and it has not been renewed. In the olden days St. Patrick's was the leading Irish parish of the city. Now it is almost exclusively Italian, and Chinatown nestles in a southwest corner.

When St. Patrick's graveyard was closed, another cemetery was opened in Eleventh Street. It was the burial place until 1851, during which period 41,016 interments were made; or 73,169 for these two old graveyards. In 1909 as much of the contents of the graves in the Eleventh Street cemetery as could be found were transferred to a section of Calvary cemetery on Long Island, and, in November, 1912, the ground itself was sold for \$357,000, which sum was given to reduce the debt on St. Patrick's, Fifth Avenue.

PRIVATE SOCIAL AGENCIES MEET PROBLEMS OF THE WAR

MARY J. McCORMICK

WHEN the United States entered the war in 1917, new demands were made on professional social work. Two large groups of people, previously unknown to social agencies, began to request the services of those agencies. One of these groups was composed of the men who were in military service, the other consisted of their relatives and friends.

The immediate needs of the first group were, to a certain extent, anticipated and were met through the development of programs for the group as a whole. The American Red Cross and the various war councils established by both sectarian and non-sectarian organizations, assumed responsibility for providing a wide variety of services to the men in training camps. These services included the organization of recreational programs, the furnishing of small luxuries not otherwise available and some counseling on personal matters. Because the men were assembled in camps, the work did not have to be highly individualized.

The needs of the second group, the relatives and friends who were scattered throughout the country, presented a different situation. Local agencies, already functioning in the communities, were faced with the new problem of giving specialized help to persons who, under normal conditions, were entirely capable of meeting and solving their own difficulties. These persons asked for service only on problems that required special knowledge and skill if they were to be handled successfully.

The mother whose son was in a military hospital in the United States wanted to know how to communicate with that hospital. The wife whose husband was "somewhere in France" wanted the opportunity to tell her story to a person who could suggest ways of meeting the strain of uncertainty and separation. Both wife and mother wanted the opportunity for emotional release as much as they wanted specific direction.

Such problems as these were emotional as well as environmental in their nature and each one was as individual as the person who presented it. This meant that private social agencies had to accept responsibility for giving individualized service to persons whose difficulties were intangible and complex and whose reactions were distorted by strain and tension.

In order to give this type of service, agencies added workers to their staffs who had training in psychology and psychiatry as well as in social work. These persons remained with the agencies during

the post-war years and, eventually, their contributions and their points of view were given a definite place in the entire program of social work. The precedents and standards which they established have dominated the profession for nearly a quarter of a century.

Before that quarter of a century is complete, social work is again facing the problems of persons affected by military service. When the Selective Training and Service Act of 1940 initiated peacetime conscription for national defense, both public and private agencies began to plan extensions of their programs. Original plans were focused, primarily, on the needs of the men who were being brought into training camps, and provided for necessary services to them both within and outside the camps.

Programs inaugurated within the camps were placed under the direct administration of the War Department and related, chiefly, to the use of leisure time. Hostesses were selected by the War Department's Division of Morale and were responsible for the provision of motion pictures, music, dramatics and athletics. Recreational agencies in the communities adjacent to the camps were expected to supplement these programs through expansion of their services, and thus assume part of the burden of providing amusement and diversion for men off duty. This, therefore, became the area in which private initiative was expected to function.

It was apparent at once that the size of most of the training camps, with their possible 60,000 or more men, would completely overwhelm the private agencies in these local communities. Such agencies would have to obtain outside help in planning, organizing and financing their programs.

In February, 1941, President Roosevelt asked Congress for an appropriation of \$150,000,000 which could be allocated "to such agencies of Government as he might designate" to be used for the "construction, rehabilitation and operation" of community facilities in defense areas. At the same time, he gave tacit approval to the United Service Organization for National Defense, Inc. This organization was empowered "to staff and operate certain of these facilities, particularly those adjacent to military training centers, with funds raised by public appeal."

The Government, therefore, would supply buildings for camp activities and the agencies making up the U.S.O. would staff them. These provisions rep-

resent the first step in the complicated and difficult task of formulating a comprehensive program of community activities. The plan provides for the merging of public and private resources in the attempt to meet the problems of the men in military service.

The second group of people to be affected by military activities are the relatives and friends of these men. Such persons are living in various parts of the country, as others were in 1917, sometimes far removed from defense areas. Their problems are entirely individual and the help they need must be given on an individual basis. This means that private agencies, especially those engaged in family case work and in work with children, will have to prepare for new demands upon their services.

At present, it is possible to indicate, only in a general way, the nature of these demands and the planning that will be necessary to meet them. It is logical to assume, however, that the problems, insofar as they can be anticipated, will fall into three major groupings: environmental, psychological and moral. Obviously these groupings are not all-inclusive but they offer a basis for discussion of the difficulties and indicate ways of coping with them.

Problems which social agencies designate as environmental are, perhaps, the easiest to recognize and define. Many young women will be affected by such problems. Their way of living will be changed and such change will bring difficulties of adjustment. Some who have been accustomed to living in their own homes may have to adjust themselves to life in family groups or in the homes of relatives or friends. Others who have always been with their families may find themselves alone in strange cities where they have taken up residence in order to be close to military posts. As time goes on, these persons will need help and counseling on such problems as housing, the budgeting of income, the use of leisure and the establishing of social contacts.

For other persons, the problems created by the war will exist, primarily, in the psychological order. These are the problems that develop, for example, when husband and wife are separated and are uncertain about the length of the separation. Each tends to become anxious about the other and each will feel the need to compensate for the loss of companionship, of security and of the normal emotional outlets that belong to married life. The tension will, perhaps, be even greater for persons who have postponed marriage because of a man's eligibility for military service.

The young woman, in these circumstances, is bound by custom and convention, as well as by her fidelity to the man whom she has married or intends to marry. Her social life and activities are restricted accordingly. Many of these women will need direction and guidance in working out personal problems, in finding legitimate compensation for the loss of the security and protection that they anticipated in marriage and in adjusting themselves to a life that is, at least temporarily, disappointing and discouraging.

Social workers are apt to be the first persons to

know about the existence of such problems. The extent to which they can accept responsibility for giving the services required will depend, very largely, on the resources of the agencies which they represent. Where such resources are not adequate, agencies will, in the face of a national emergency, have to develop their programs and, perhaps, take on additional work. Such expansion may involve, for some agencies, considerable change in the policies that govern their intake, the procedures that characterize their social work and their choice of personnel.

Agencies whose primary function has been to care for children may have to make some provision for service to adults. This will become more necessary as an increasing number of women are employed outside the home. These women will ask to have small children cared for in day nurseries. They may even want to have older boys and girls placed, temporarily, in institutions.

Requests such as these must be examined carefully and the mothers who make them must be helped to arrive at an understanding of their own motives and desires. Perhaps one mother needs to be told quite frankly that what she really wants is a way of escape from household tasks that have become monotonous and dreary. Another woman may be unduly aroused by industry's plea for workers and feel that it is her duty to respond. She has forgotten, for the moment, that her home and children still have "priority."

Other agencies may find it necessary to change some of their methods of dealing with problems. They may be accustomed to assuming full responsibility for work with the persons who come to them. Perhaps they seldom call upon other individuals in the community for the contributions that such individuals can make to the whole process of case work. These agencies must recognize the fact that some problems, by their very nature, require consultation with persons outside the area of case work if they are to be handled successfully. This is especially true of the religious and moral questions that are primarily the responsibility of the Church.

For another group of agencies, the present situation may demand change in personnel. This is especially true of organizations which have, up to this time, depended largely on the services of volunteers, or of persons without professional training in social work. Such organizations may find it necessary to bring workers to their staffs who can devote full time to the agency, and who have the specialized knowledge and skill that are essential if human problems are to be handled successfully.

The situations outlined here give some indication of the problems facing private social agencies and the changes that may be necessary if these agencies are to meet, adequately, the needs of the people during a period of disturbance and stress. Success in this undertaking will depend, very largely, on the sympathy and the support that such agencies receive from a public that understands what they are doing and why they are doing it, and gives freely the encouragement and the help that are vital to the development of any social program.

CRAMMING EDUCATION INTO COLLEGIANS

JOHN WILTBYE

AN exile from a country which God made lovely with green fields and running brooks, I occasionally revisit the scenes of my youth, and from time to time converse with tillers of the soil. In this manner, I have gathered more misinformation about farming, I think, than any man whose years, like mine, too swiftly near the limit set of old.

I would not have you think that those who talk to me do not know their business. The fault lies with my perception, for, as the scholastics say, whatever is perceived is perceived according to the mode of the perceiver, and my mode was long ago distorted. But I think that I am right when I say that the farmer does not like torrential rains. They wash away the seed, beat down his growing crops and gully his acres. What he wishes is rain with quality that Portia ascribes to mercy; a gentle, persuasive gift of God, that gladdens his heart with the hope of an abundant harvest.

I have been wondering of late, and especially since reading the current report of the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching, if the farmers who till the youthful mind, are not facing a series of torrential rain storms. Dr. Walter Jessup, President of the Foundation, is not quite sure. Certainly, the conditions made necessary by a totalitarian war, and even more, the abuses which inevitably spring up (sometimes to be accepted as right and just) must influence our colleges and schools. Peace is better than war, for colleges as well as for the rest of us.

But war does force us to turn away from tinsel and seek the lasting gold; it does force us to face realities and to clear our minds of cant; it does force us to revise our standards of value, and to do many other soul-searching things, which we never think of in times of unbroken peace. It may, then, also force us to consider the question which I put some weeks ago in these pages, and which is repeated by Dr. Jessup: "Is the course, and is college, worth four years of study?"

The answer, it seems to me, depends upon the answer to a further question. What is your course, and your college? I can conceive of a college so rich in the opportunities which it offers for intellectual growth that it is worth a decade of a man's life, and of other colleges that are worth not five minutes of his time. Leacock somewhere writes about the medieval student who listened as his professor lectured on theology or Scripture, philosophy or law, medicine or grammar until, as it seemed to him, the gentle rain ceased to fall. The professor had said all that he had to say, had taught all that he knew, or that the student could assimilate. The rain might fall for five years, or for ten.

But it might be only a shower that passed over in five minutes. In that case, the student called for his mule, or mounted shanks mare, and made a pilgrimage to another teacher. For him time did not exist, save as a topic about which he might debate hotly with his fellows. Wherever he found a fit master, that was his home, and there he settled down, tilling his intellectual fields, dropping the seed, tending the growing plants, and retiring for careful meditation when the gentle rains, with their promise of bursting granaries, began to fall. Time was not of the essence, for what he wished to do was to grow in knowledge, and he knew that weeds spring up more quickly than oaks.

Fortunately for him, our medieval student did not live in an age of machinery. He had never heard of mass education. In the schools which he frequented, there were no endless belts carrying thousands, willy-nilly, through a series of mechanical devices, ending in a vast hopper out of which in an endless stream poured bachelors, masters and doctors. He might never become a bachelor, or don the master's gown, or see the doctor's ring upon his finger. But whatever he became, he was not a piece of furniture turned out by the thousands from a Grand Rapids factory.

Rather, he was hand-made, like one of those colonial chairs or tables that after two centuries still do service in the homes of people wealthy enough to purchase them. To him, let me repeat, time had not been of the essence, whether three years, four years, or eight. When he thought he was ready for the academic test, he took it, and won his degree. If he failed, he retired into his native village, or if love of learning burned in his bosom, tried again.

"As for the American college," writes Dr. Jessup, "certain changes are to be expected." Perhaps the generally accepted course of four years "will be telescoped to three years for all admitted students." If in the telescoping, the frills and fads are pressed out, and admission to college limited much more strictly than in the last fifty years, three years may suffice to prepare for the bachelor's degree. But it will suffice only on the supposition that the student is sufficiently prepared when he has stowed away in his intellectual cargo certain assorted chunks of knowledge, each chunk marked with the proper number of credits, like the Government's attestation, rubber-stamped on a side of beef.

But is that education? The majority of college students who begin to think (some never get around to the process) begin after an intensive cultivation extending over two years. Junior years ought to be troublesome; if they are not, the students are not thinking. At the end of the year, most of the thinkers near the threshold of the house of wisdom, for then they realize that they know little or nothing. But the realization is not deep. If we telescope four years into three, will it ever deepen?

Let us not deceive ourselves. Rationed college years are like rationed food. We adjust ourselves not because we are given something better, but because all that we can expect is the minimum. Often, it is an unsatisfactory minimum.

LATIN AMERICA NEEDS BETTER NORTH AMERICANS

HENRY W. KELLY

THESE are days when shouts of "Pan-Americanism," and "Hemispheric Solidarity," are ringing in our ears. Our Government has intensified the Good Neighbor program to a point where Uncle Sam is playing the frantic lover, wooing with eleventh-hour desperation, in the fear that his rival will carry away the prize.

Most Latin Americans will admit that our American policy of the Big Embrace had wholesome beginnings, for we cast aside the Big Stick before we began to fear a Nazi-dominated Latin America. However, under the stress of world turmoil, the more opportunistic aspects of our attentions may very easily become distorted in Latin-American eyes, and, as a result, our whole program come to be viewed with cynicism and distrust.

Lofty, nebulous aspirations, seasoned with wishful thinking, still pour out of Washington. Fervent avowals of admiration for all things south of the border are made by speakers at women's clubs. Visiting Latin-American admirals are feted and photographed. Film celebrities spread gringo charm in whirlwind visits to South-American capitals. Nelson Rockefeller and his college boys continue to amaze Latin Americans with their prolific stratagems. The Boston radio is crowding the south-bound air lanes with fraternal endearments. All this is good up to a certain point, but it does not get to the root of things.

People in the United States and in the Latin American countries are completely ignorant of each other's way of life, or, at best, they labor under woful misconceptions. The factors that work against mutual understanding are formidable: distances, poor communications, racial disparities, language, dissimilar backgrounds, political evolutions, economic interests and religious, psychological and temperamental differences.

These diversities will not be entirely eliminated. We can only hope to round off the rough edges so that mutual knowledge will make possible satisfactory agreements.

Those first and chiefly responsible for the creation of good neighborliness should be our American colonies in Latin America. Our nationals working throughout South and Central America have the time and opportunity that no weekend ambassador of good will could possibly hope to have. Given willingness, a sympathetic, tactful and instructed approach, our nationals can be a most potent force in eliminating the ignorance and prej-

udices that doom so many of our naive let's-get-together projects.

As a perfect example of what our nationals can do, I want to point to the efforts of the oil industry in Venezuela. The oil companies, under pressure of law and also because they found that altruism spells good business, have set themselves up as the educators and uplifters of Juan Bimba, Venezuela's common man.

The Venezuelan Labor Law of 1936 brought to Juan Bimba many things which he never dreamed of in the days of Gómez—an eight-hour day with overtime, free medical attention, increased indemnities for accidents and, upon lay-off, an indemnity of two weeks' pay for every year of service, vacation with pay, a profits-sharing bonus, sanitary living quarters, with electricity, gas and water, at a rate of about two dollars a month.

But beyond what is required by the law, the oil companies have, on their own initiative, developed a program of employee welfare.

For example, one company working the new Anzoátegui fields employs several thousand Venezuelans in its main camp. Much is yet to be done in this ambitious program, but a vigorous and unstinting start has been made. The company provides them with equipment for baseball, soccer, basketball, track and boxing, and arranges contests with Venezuelan teams of neighboring camps. It provides a club for dances, games, movies, a mutual-aid association, classes in English, a modern restaurant for the unmarried employees. And Juan Bimba's wife can furnish her table with quality food from the Company commissary at prices lower than she would have to pay outside of camp.

The oil companies are making a very real contribution to Venezuela's future. Juan Bimba's children will be better fitted physically, mentally and spiritually to cope with the world of machines and efficiency that has intruded upon his hitherto uncomplicated, patriarchal existence.

The transition to a new way of life will, of necessity, be halting and slow. Today Juan Bimba is quite naturally rather bewildered amid this deluge of new foods, gadgets and machines. He still infuriates his gringo foreman by putting water in the gas tank and gasoline in the radiator; he still fails to see why his black sow should not be allowed to find a berth in the kitchen; he continues to be dubious about the modern toilet that has been installed in his house, and he frequently causes a

traffic jam by changing a flat in the center of a heavily traveled road. These exasperating naivetés will be eliminated as fast as can be reasonably expected. Juan Bimba should not be expected to bolt and assimilate a new way of life at one sitting.

There is a Spanish saying: "Better by far to be the head of a mouse than the tail of a lion." No man wants an outsider managing his household, however beneficial that management may be. Realizing this, the oil companies propose to turn over the running of modern industrial Venezuela to Venezuelans. More and more the foreign employes are being replaced. Only a remnant remains of the once large group of American field men, and the days of the American clerk are numbered. Experienced Venezuelans are taking over steadily—laborers, mechanics, welders, road builders, stenographers, accountants, cashiers. The day is not far off when Venezuelans will occupy executive positions. All physicians and pharmacists in the employ of the oil companies are Venezuelan.

Many of the historical ills that plague Latin American countries are traceable to the fact that only a few careers were open to the young man of a family. He became a bureaucrat, a soldier, a lawyer or a priest. Anything associated with rusticity or manual labor was scorned as something not befitting a gentleman. This false scale of values caused an unhealthy, parasitic, poorly distributed society, with the sounder agricultural, commercial and industrial pursuits left to the foreigner and the peon. In Venezuela, the advent of the oil industry about twenty years ago started a trend toward a much needed diversification of pursuits. Venezuela's first families have now so revamped their social values that their sons may become geologists, engineers, chemists, agricultural experts and radio technicians without causing raised eyebrows. New horizons have been opened up to Venezuelan youth.

Viewing the scene as it has just been described, one would say that Tío Sam and Juan Bimba were strolling arm in arm down Goodneighbor Boulevard, and so Juan Bimba could not possibly fail to love his big-hearted benefactor. But, unfortunately, there are difficulties. The ordinary American employe, the man in whose hands lies the reputation of the United States, frequently fails to live up to the good intentions and plans of his company. It is a fact that there is little good will, admiration or friendship between the average Venezuelan and American employe. Most of the time the bad feeling is latent, but it occasionally flares up luridly.

An examination of the motives that pull the majority of Americans to Venezuela is revealing. Some are attracted by a childhood picture of romance and high adventure. Dreams of a tropical paradise soon fade into grim reality. The majority, equally ill-informed, come for the wages and the hope of saving money. Finally, there is the rolling-stone element: misfits, escapists, men unable to stand the gaff at home. Unfortunately, only a small percentage come intellectually and psychologically prepared for their new, strange environment or even with the inclination for open-minded adaptability.

Hence, life in the isolated oil camp becomes for many a mournful exile, separation from life's joys and familiar associations, relieved only at two-year intervals during vacation. Few Americans who come can speak Spanish, and few absorb more than a smattering, even after years in the country. A few Spanish phrases, emphasized by gesticulations and grunts, suffice to order one's fried eggs and bacon and to keep one's crew moving.

With this barrier of language, no mutual interest or understanding of problems can exist. Even the desire to know the Venezuelans, to inquire about their history, customs, likes, their scale of values or to join their social activities is not only lacking but actively opposed. Americans from certain parts of the South and Southwest often arrive full of inherited scorn for the "greaser" and the Negro, and proceed in their forthright fashion to air their to-hell-with-the-little-brown-brother preconceptions on inappropriate occasions.

The physical layout of a camp makes doubly difficult a satisfactory fusion of American and Venezuelan co-workers. Surrounded by a high wire fence, the Americans live in a culture-pocket of their own—a sort of little America complete with juke-box and Bing Crosby's latest hit—walled off from any Venezuelan influences.

Such failures on the part of most Americans to inform themselves on what to expect in Venezuela leads frequently to disillusion and boredom. The inability or unwillingness to make Venezuelan friends or acquire Venezuelan interests breeds misunderstanding and ill-feeling on both sides. Under such conditions Juan Bimba's shortcomings seem inexcusable; his volatile nature and his impulsiveness become a dangerous blood taint. On the other hand, here is what Juan thinks when he is feeling touchy: "That Yanqui is a coarse, loud-mouthed, prestige-deflating bully. He fired me because of pure cussedness. The only remedy for this insult is a quick swipe with the machete. He acts like some superman, and when I do things wrong, he makes me feel miserable and inferior. All in all, I would almost like to see the Nazis come in and clear out all these damn Yanquis."

These international incompatibilities have been painted in deep colors, yet one should not lose hope of developing better inter-American relations. The causes for the antipathies and misunderstandings are clear and the remedies known. Now that the oil industry in Venezuela is approaching maturity, the roughneck, uneducated, unadaptable elements that swarm to every frontier region—American and Venezuelan alike—are being progressively weeded out and replaced by men of higher quality.

There are now about 4,000 American citizens working in Venezuela: roughly twenty per cent of all the Americans on the South American mainland. Quite a number have married Venezuelans. If these people dedicate themselves sincerely to Good Neighborliness, there is good reason to believe that the contact points that we have established in Venezuela in particular, and in Latin America as a whole, will spread a real understanding and deep tolerance between the Americas.

AID FOR COMMUNISM

IT is the policy of the United States to aid the armies controlled by Stalin. It is a necessary policy, but at the same time a policy which exposes this country to grave danger.

Yet aid to Russia does not imply approval of the principles of Communism, or of the brutal and inhuman methods which the Soviet Government has used to establish its power. Still less does it mean that the American Government, or the American people, approves that purpose which seems inherent in Communism, namely, to spread and to defend Communism throughout the world.

Many people seem to think that a blanket-approval of Communism is implied by our policy of aid to the Red armies. Of these, some are Communists and some are Catholics. They have somehow reached the common conclusion that after recognizing the Soviet Government eight years ago, the Government of the United States now believes either that the principles and practices of Sovietism are harmless, politically and morally, or, at least, that we have no reason to fear that they will take root in this country.

The Government of the United States entertains no such belief. It cannot, since the principles of Communism are utterly destructive of the Constitution of the United States which every public official has sworn to uphold and to defend. Whatever the private belief of certain public officials may be, the fact is that the Government is aiding the Red armies for the sole reason that these military forces are fighting its enemy, Germany.

This policy should raise no difficulty in Catholic minds. But what is causing some Catholics deep concern is that many Communists in this country are misinterpreting this policy, and abusing it to accomplish their anti-American and anti-Christian purposes. What they fear is that the first and unacknowledged aim of these propagandists, many of them holding important posts in Government bureaus and war-agencies, is not the defense of the United States, but the promotion of Communistic propaganda in this country.

The attacks recently made by Communist journals and propagandists on Congressman Dies, Mr. J. Edgar Hoover, chief of the F.B.I., and on the assistant Secretaries of State, Messrs. Berle and Long, do nothing to lessen this fear. While we have not invariably approved the acts of these officials, none but a fanatic would impeach their patriotism. Congress Dies and Mr. Hoover won nothing but applause during their investigation of alleged Nazi movements in the United States, but this applause was turned to abuse as soon as they began to uncover the subversive works of Communists.

No man who ever gave his name to a Nazi or Bund organization can obtain employment from the Government. The rule is certainly justified, but it should be amended to exclude all who have ever belonged to a Communist-controlled organization. Until that amendment is made, Communism has an unchecked opportunity to sap and to destroy.

EDITOR

PROFITEERING

CHARGES that many corporations engaged in manufacturing munitions for the Government have made excessive profits, have been repeated again and again in the last few months. In two or three instances, substantial evidence in proof has been offered in Congressional committee hearings, but, as far as we know, no general survey has yet been made.

That survey should be undertaken at once if employers and employees are to unite on a program for the production which will meet the President's desires. Donald Nelson did not go too far when, in his first radio address, he said that the outcome of the war depended upon production not next year, but within the next ten months. Yet with these charges of profiteering spread everywhere, the public is beginning to believe them, and, what is worse, many employees are beginning to take them as true, not merely of this or that factory, but of all of them. In view of the well-known foibles and frailties of human nature, the worker is going to demand his share. If he is refused, the troubles that will inevitably follow, will wreak havoc with the Donald Nelson program.

The worker may not stop to think that he has no right to slow up production, through stoppages or sustained strikes, in order to enforce his demand for a share of the loot gathered by profiteering manufacturers. Put in the same position, few of us would pause to reflect that every dollar added to munition costs makes heavier the burden of taxation under which we all labor. When the average wage-earner perceives that his employer is making eight or ten times the money made last year, he is going to demand a wage-increase, and ordinarily he is entitled to it. But he is not entitled to any share in loot.

The remedy, as we pointed out months ago, is greater care by the Government in awarding contracts. Surely, there must be someone in Washington who knows enough about costs to veto any arrangement which allows profiteering. It is no answer to say that excess-profits taxes reduce the producer's income. Cut off the possibility of profiteering, and the labor troubles which invariably arise when the worker even suspects profiteering by his employer, will also be cut off.

CENSORSHIP

PROBABLY no more unpopular measure was ever brought before Congress than the Van Nuys bill. Senator Van Nuys, who introduced it "by request," does not like it, the public, as far as its opinion can be gauged by press reports, does not like it, and even the Attorney General who submitted it to Congress, seems willing to abandon it to its fate.

The essential vice of this bill is not that it prohibits the publication of facts which the Government considers "confidential." No citizen, and no respectable newspaper, would publish news of that nature, even were it accessible. What is objectionable in the bill is the authority it gives subordinate officials to legislate. The decision as to what is confidential and should be withheld, and what is news of public interest that should be widely published, is left to their sole discretion. Fine and imprisonment are provided for any who may dispute their judgment.

Probably the bill can be amended to authorize specific officials to withhold information as "confidential." But even that seems unnecessary, since no branch of the Government, executive, judicial, or legislative, is obliged, either by law or by common sense, to divulge all the facts in its possession. Should any fact of a confidential nature be published, the offender can be punished under existing legislation.

Some censorship of the news in war-time is inevitable, and the loyal citizen will not complain of it. But it does seem to us that the Government officials have thus far controlled the news in a manner which is, to say the least, awkward, and not calculated to strengthen public morale. When the Secretary of War reports that hostile planes flew over Los Angeles, and the Secretary of the Navy denies the report, although he admits that anti-aircraft guns were used, the average citizen will be tempted to wonder just how much his official superiors know about this war, and what they intend to do to protect him. John Doe is apt to lend an eager ear to "rumor painted full of tongues" when conflicting reports come from the Government itself.

No American wants access to "confidential information." But if he must be content with official bulletins and communiques, he is entitled to ask that they be credible.

IN the year of Our Lord, 1747, there was no good English dictionary. One Samuel Johnson undertook to supply for this deficiency, and what he did has become a lasting part of our language and literature. His Dictionary had faults of omission, positive errors and many obscurities. "Leeward" and "windward," as Boswell admitted, were defined in exactly the same way, and when the Lexicographer was asked by an inquisitive lady how he came to define "pastern" as "the knee" of a horse, he answered bluntly: "Ignorance, madam, pure ignorance." In some cases, the Johnsonian definition made the word under discussion considerably less clear. "Network" was to Dr. Johnson, "anything reticulated or decussated at equal distances, with interstices between the intersections." But with all its errors and omissions, the famous Dictionary helped to fix the meaning of English words and phrases, and remained a standard for generations. Dr. Johnson opened paths which scholars who came after him explored.

On the last day of February, there died in the city of New York, a man whose life-work was singularly akin to that of Samuel Johnson. James J. Walsh, doctor of medicine, philosophy, literature, science and laws, was never our Great Cham of literature, as was Dr. Johnson. But like the eighteenth-century leader, he opened new ways of thought to his countrymen, and helped them to understand a body of philosophy, art and history, of which many of them had never even heard. In his lectures and writings upon Catholic culture, Dr. Walsh was distinctly a pathfinder.

His enthusiasm induced him now and then to chart courses of no great worth, and for the time, to insist that they led swiftly and directly to Cathay. But that is the fault of all explorers, and is, rather, the defect that accompanies great qualities. It has been said that he could never be brought to see any fault in his beloved Thirteenth Century, but that criticism was first offered by men who even today can see nothing but darkness and enslavement in one of the most notable periods of achievement in the history of our race. If Dr. Walsh did nothing else, he is worthy of grateful remembrance for his incessant effort to give to his countrymen a wider and more accurate appreciation of the work of the Catholic Church in creating and sustaining our Christian civilization.

It is not of record that Dr. Walsh ever tried his hand at poetry, but there were few departments of human knowledge which did not interest him. On many of them he wrote copiously and easily, perhaps too easily. Besides his well known volumes on history and biography, he wrote competently on questions of philosophy, and on those difficult problems of human conduct which can be solved, as far as solution is possible, only by the doctor of moral theology in consultation with the doctor of medicine. He was the first in this country to subject the theories of Freud to the test of Catholic psychological and moral principles.

As a physician, he had been trained at the University of Pennsylvania, and his studies were supplemented by three years of research in Europe, first at the Pasteur Institute and the Salpêtrière in Paris. Later he went to Vienna, and then to Berlin, where he had won a place in the laboratories of Virchow. On his return, he was associated with the New York Polyclinic School of Medicine, and in 1907, was made acting dean and professor of neurology at the medical school of Fordham University. During these decades, and until a few years ago, when failing health made a period of rest imperative, he contributed to medical reviews, and was much in demand as a consultant by educators and by his professional brethren.

Dr. Walsh was actively interested in every Catholic movement which has arisen in the last forty years. His work for the *Catholic Encyclopedia* of which he was an associate editor, and to which he contributed many articles, fixes his place in Catholic life at the opening of the twentieth century. We, the Editors of this Review, knew him as a valued contributor from the outset, a staunch friend and a trusted adviser, a welcome guest at our community table, and one of ourselves in the after-dinner talk. For nearly half a century, we and his fellow-Catholics saw him battle for the things that are good and true, bearing himself in all things as a loyal leader in the forefront of the army led by his great Captain, Christ.

May his soul now rest in peace, and may he soon be admitted into the glorious company of Michael, and Peter and Paul, and of all the hosts that constitute the Church Triumphant. *Eternal rest give unto him, O Lord, and may the Light Perpetual shine upon him. Amen.*

FARM WORKERS

SOME of us do not care greatly for sugar. Whether twelve ounces per week are allotted, or only eight, is a matter of indifference. But like the late Bill Nye, others confess to a passion for food, and whoever would come between them and a groaning board, must prepare for trouble.

This country can feed all its people, and a considerable portion of the rest of the world. We do not lack good ground, but men to work it.

In a recent conference with representatives of the Department of Agriculture, Dr. Thomas B. Symonds, of the University of Maryland, suggested two new sources of farm labor. One is found in conscientious objectors and in prisoners, and the other in boys and girls over fifteen years of age. A beginning has been made in some Maryland high-schools, and it is planned to extend this training.

It will undoubtedly become necessary, in case of a long war, to promulgate the law of "fight or work." At present, the officials in charge of the selective service are liberal in deferments for farm work, and since farmers are as necessary as soldiers, this policy should be continued. Prisoners, conscientious objectors and young people can help out with the chores, but only farmers can farm.

IN HIS LOVE

THE sun was beginning to drop behind the hills, but the people still thronged about Our Lord. Never had a messenger from God searched their hearts so thoroughly, and seeing what was in them of frailty and of hope, had taken pity upon them in Divine measure. He had taught them the way of salvation, He had healed their sick, and now, as we read in the Gospel for tomorrow (Saint John, vi, 1-15), He was to provide for their temporal needs by feeding them.

Often in our moments of distress, we think that Our Lord has forgotten us. But the truth is that these are the moments when He is nearest to us. The mistake which so many of us make is to look upon suffering as nothing but a punishment, allowed or inflicted by an offended God. Suffering is, of course, a punishment for sin, and because we are all sinners, all of us must undergo it. But it is a salutary punishment. We are quite within the truth when we describe poverty, hunger, even want of the necessities of life, as favors from God, and it is in this sense that Saint Ignatius bids us remember that sickness is no less a gift of God than health. Suffering is like a signed check which will be paid one day in God's counting-house. When God bestows upon us many checks, and we keep them carefully, we increase in that spiritual wealth which alone brings us into the Kingdom of God.

Yet the same God Who sends us suffering is mindful of our temporal as well as of our spiritual needs. As His Son taught us, we pray to Him for our daily bread, and for all things of which we stand in need as human beings. Sometimes in answer to our prayer, He gives us a fortitude that enables us to bear our sufferings patiently, but when it is His Holy Will, He will answer directly, even, when necessary, by a miracle. Not infrequently, as in our Gospel, He cares for our temporal necessities, even when we have not asked His help.

This multitude, five thousand in number, besides the women and children, had "followed him," not thinking of their need for food. Now it is discovered that five barley loaves and two fishes are their only provisions. "The young boy" who had them is another of those unnamed figures in the Gospels whom we look forward to meeting in Heaven. How proud he must have been when Andrew led Him to Our Lord before all that crowd! We may be sure, too, that Jesus smiled upon him, and blessed him, as He took this small store of food into His Sacred Hands. Happy fish and happy barley-loaves to have merited this great distinction, happy the lad who brought them to Jesus, happy the great crowd that fed upon them even to repletion!

Jesus, Son of David, look upon all Your suffering children in every part of the world with eyes of pity. Some of us are hungry, and alas, we turn away from the Table You have prepared, to feed upon the husks of swine, and some suffer agonies that are their Calvary. Have mercy on us all, O most loving Jesus, and teach us to see in the Cross not a sign of Your anger, but a promise of life everlasting.

LITERATURE AND ARTS

MOTHER OF PRIESTS

THOMAS J. McCARTHY

IN Shane Leslie's touching poem, *Ireland, the Mother of Priests*, there is a pathetic yet sweet loveliness. Pathetic, because the Mother watches her fine sons grow to manhood only to heed the distant call from over the seas and leave her side.

Her children in summer she counts
Awhile for her own;
But winter is ever the same,
The loved ones are flown.

Sweet are the lines, however, for in them there is no trace of bitterness—no selfishness. There is only the elemental sadness of a mother, dreaming of the far-off lands to which her sons are gone.

Far out of her ken
They travel the farthest of seas
As fishers of men.
Yet never a word to her sons
To keep them at home,
And never a motherly cry
Goes over the foam.

Therein lies the true greatness of her motherhood. To a greater thing than her own love she has not blinded herself. She has listened in the wind to a Voice more insistent than her own and the Voice has said to her children: "Come, follow Me." It has spoken firmly but not ungently: "Rise, clasp My hand and come." With her tearful blessing she has sent them forth to answer the call. "Her brood gone from her," she indulges no hysterics. She accepts her fate with quite dignity and yet, how memorably!

She sits with her head in her hands,
Her eyes on the flame,
And thinks of the other who played
Yet left her the same.

It is as though this were Ireland's splendid destiny—to rear her priest-sons for other lands. If Rupert Brooke could sing of some foreign field as "forever England" because it contained his dust, what should be said of those soggarths who gallantly gave up their lives in every country of the world? Surely their shining deeds and heroic lives have made their resting-places "forever Ireland." Nor will the world quarrel with that designation. In truth, it will be favorable to it because the world is beholden to the Irish. It has adopted the Gael.

On Saint Patrick's Day one finds many evidences of this. For instance, one discovers the surprising similarity that exists between the pronunciation of Cohen and Quinn, particularly if the former happens to be wearing a sprig of green. The manifestations of Irishry are many on the Seventeenth and are to be found in the most unexpected places. On one such day in the Church of the Madeleine in

Paris, Father Michael Earls, God rest him, overheard the soft voices of two girls at a side altar, singing an old Latin hymn to the tune of *Kathleen Mavourneen*. There is no end to such stories. They reveal the universal presence or influence of the Irish. The world has recognized that influence and is grateful for it. The world has acknowledged Ireland as a great mother of splendid sons.

It is her priest-sons, however, who have given her the greatest glory. In them she has found most of herself. In them she has seen valor and courage of a matchless kind. They have dared every height before them and they have not failed. They have gone forth to battle and they have not fallen. In their hearts they have carried the indomitable spirit of Kathleen Ni Houlihan.

When barbarism lay heavy like a curse over all Europe—when men had lost their way—the strong sons of Banba set about the awful task of restoring order and they succeeded. The torch was carried through all the Continent and it was not yielded until the work had been done. Schools were established in Scotland, England, France, Italy, Germany and Spain. They preached no nonsense about racial or national superiority. There was about their work neither boastfulness nor pride. When they were finished they returned to their mother's side—whence they derived their great strength.

There they lingered until the Call came again. Each time they heard it, they responded unhesitatingly. The ties of home were strong but the Call was stronger. The mother had trained them well. There are some who would minimize all this. They fail to see anything heroic in leaving a land cursed by blights, wars and misrule. To such men the elemental love of home and the land is of little meaning. When the roots go deep—as they do go deep in Ireland—one does not lightly tear them from the soil. For the Irish soil is rich and clean and good. There is laughter and song and deep tragedy mixed in that soil. Every Irishman is heir to it. To tear one's roots from that soil is not done without great pain. Let those who minimize consider that well.

To part is to die a little, says the proverb. To part from home, from the land of one's birth, where the Faith is sure and triumphant, for a land one does not know, is to die more than a little. It is to go down into the valley. There is no false sentiment here. In the Irish heart it is a question of love, love for the home and the land.

As long ago as the sixth century this breaking of home ties was occurring to the priest-sons of Ireland. The Voice was in the wind even in that far-off time. When it summoned Columcille to Iona, he left his beloved Derry and we know from his beautiful Song of Farewell what that leavetaking meant:

Large is the tear of my soft grey eye
When I look back upon Erin.

Many a priest in the years since then has seen fit to repeat this moving lament. The intense sorrow at parting, while present in every generation of sons, has not hindered the accomplishment of their mission. Their Mother saw to that. She whispered into their ears and told them of a greater thing than home. She nourished them with a rich and abiding Faith; she filled their hearts with a wonderful Hope; and for Charity she gave them a love for Christ whose only seal could be and more than once was—martyrdom.

Men will agree that these sons were worthy of their great mother. They will readily grant that they have proved themselves true "to the heritage of the race of kings." In the long nights when Ireland kept her lonely vigil over a sick and despairing world, in the terrible, long nights when her beautiful head was cruelly bowed under the weight of a thousand persecutions, her gallant priest-sons were shepherding their flocks over the hillsides of the world. They were a source of help and strength and consolation to all whom they met.

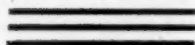
The soggarth aroon is no legend. He lived and still lives, a creature of flesh and blood. He has made every land he graced the better for having known him, and that is no small thing to say. But how could it be otherwise? He has been blessed with a queenly mother. She is the Mother of priests. When loneliness steals into the hearts of her sons she speaks into the wind and her words bring balm and peace. In the far-off land her voice comes soft and clear:

I'll wait for you at morn
And I'll pray for you at noon,
And every eve I'll dream of you,
My own Soggarth Aroon.

What nation would not have great priests whose mother would sing to them across the seas such words of endearing love?

CLASSICS AND CHAOS

HAROLD C. GARDINER



ACCUSTOMING the "mind to a world that is no more," a classical education today is "worse than useless," says Dr. Evans Clark, director of the Twentieth Century Fund. It takes up "the precious time that had better be spent in learning about the terrifying new world that is upon us—about how it came to be and what we can do to make it fit to live in."

Almost simultaneously appears an announcement that Fordham University, in New York, is all ready to stage, in the original Greek, the *Eumenides* of Aeschylus. Last year, the Fordham group did *Oedipus Rex*, and its really astonishing success led them to plan another such production. The people who saw last year's play, even those in the audience who knew not a word of Greek, will certainly not

agree with the Doctor that *that* classical education was a waste of time.

Nor will the students who learned the lines and acted them with such high enthusiasm. And they are very practical-minded, alive young Americans, not horn-rimmed-spectacled, stoop-shouldered book-worms. The boy who played Oedipus knows more than Greek syntax: among other practical attainments, his was the voice thousands heard during the football season, describing the games over the loud-speaker. And many of them are practical and alive enough to be already signed up for service in the armed forces of their country. Their study of a world that is no more has not killed their interest in the world that is.

Will the acting of a twenty-four-hundred year old Greek play help them to be more practical? Quite likely, if they understand the meaning of the lines they will speak. For the story of the *Eumenides*, you see, touches a very practical matter—mankind's struggle against an ancient curse of sin. The Furies, implacable pursuers of sin, are reconciled, and pardon and final redemption are held forth to mankind at the play's end.

This is a practical matter, Doctor Clark, and not a picture of "a world that is no more." It is the study of human nature, a Greek study, it is true, and therefore short of the final and complete Christian solution, but still a supreme means of broadening our sympathies and our knowledge of man and his world.

It is precisely this business of cutting one's self off from the roots of the past which has acted as a sort of midwife to this present terrifying world. The Reformers of the sixteenth century laid the ax to the root of the religious past, and their off-shoots have been stunted and withering ever since. With religious authority gone, the state succeeds to its place and ultimately we have totalitarian philosophy.

To sever the bonds that tie us to a cultural past is the first step toward producing a race of streamlined, mechanically skilled, up-to-the-minute barbarians. Suppose all the German boys for the past quarter-century had been studying Virgil and producing plays in the original Greek, instead of being drilled in dive-bombing and all the other intricacies of blitzkrieg technique—is it not very likely that the present chaotic world would be not quite so terrifying?

It is only by knowing the past that I can come to know how this present terrifying world came to be. And the immediate past has its roots in the remoter reaches of history and literature. In fact, this particular play was chosen by Fordham University just because it has a bearing on our present times—it is a play of victory and of hope, and if a classical education can show us how the human race has always continued to hope in the darkest hours, how it has felt within it, despite the Fall, Divine yearnings—that surely is not a dreamer's picture of a world that is no more, but the likeness of human nature as it is today. And the more I understand human nature, the more practical I am. Even the Dale Carnegie school will tell you that.

BOOKS

HOW WE GOT OUR NAME

AMERIGO, A COMEDY OF ERRORS IN HISTORY. By Stefan Zweig and translated by Andrew St. James. The Viking Press. \$2

HERE is a delightful little book delightfully written, translated, illustrated, printed and bound. Mr. Zweig adequately sustains the enviable reputation he has been achieving in the ability of his pen to dramatize the dramatic facts of history, while the solid order of his scholarship enhances the value of his production. In the fall of each year, teachers in the schools lecturing on the history of the Americas tell their pupils how this hemisphere missed its proper name; why Columbus was cheated by fate of the name and the fame of Columbia.

Here the story is told with accuracy and charm against a background and setting richly historical. It was "a comedy of errors" that robbed Columbus and two continents of a name, while the robber, Amerigo Vespucci, was really no robber at all, but an innocent victim of the "errors." The Florentine Vespucci, a clerk sent to Seville by the Medici Bank, later took to the sea and, beginning in 1499, made two or more voyages along the coasts of South America. Others, including Columbus, had done and would do the same. But the Florentine wrote about what he saw to Lorenzo de' Medici (son of Il Magnifico) and to a friend, Soderini, also a Florentine. Vespucci wrote colorfully and to the center of Europe's culture.

The letters were published, one was translated into good Latin by scholars and published under the title of *Mundus Novus* or New World. One of the scholars, Waldseemüller, made a series of maps including one of the "new land" (it was South America), suggested that it be named after Amerigo Vespucci, and actually wrote "America" on the face of it. This "Introduction to Cosmography" was published and enjoyed a tremendous vogue. People thus heard of Amerigo, they did not hear of Columbus. "... America ... it is already floating in the air, leaping from letter to letter, from book to book, mouth to mouth; flying through space and time, irresistible and immortal. ..."

PETER M. DUNNE

GLAMORIZED CONCUBINAGE

BRIDE OF GLORY. By Bradda Field. The Greystone Press. \$3

THIS is the story of Emy Lyon, better known as Emma, Lady Hamilton, mistress of Vice-Admiral Lord Nelson, K.B. It will probably be widely acclaimed as one of the greatest love stories of all time, and its heroine will no doubt be praised in Hollywoodian superlatives for her charm and cleverness and vitality. She was indeed the glamor girl of the years 1780-1800; she rose from ignorance to extraordinary skill in music and languages, from obscurity to fame, from destitution to wealth.

How did she accomplish all this? At the age of fifteen, lying in the luxurious bed provided by her second lover, she "reflected philosophically on the human state which decreed a woman's body to be her only commercial asset. Either she could fret it away in hard toil for which her reward would be daily bread, or, by keeping it soft and comely, she could barter it for luxury." She chose the second course, later encouraged by her mother who said: "You can be just as good and useful living free with a gentleman as if you'd been ringed in church." By the time she was twenty-five she had put behind her three lovers—each higher in the social scale than his predecessor—and a daughter whose father she could not

name; she had persuaded Lord Hamilton, after she had lived with him for five years, to marry her; she was even friend and confidante of the Queen of the two Sicilies. She had succeeded in every unblessed thing she had set out to do.

But still greater "glory" was in store for her. After the Battle of the Nile, Nelson, the great hero of the hour, came to Naples. As wife of the British Ambassador, Emma was his hostess; she was soon consumed with a new ambition. "No qualms disturbed her conscience. ... But how bring Nelson to regard their passion as preordained and not as avoidable sin?" Nelson tried for a time to be true to his wife and to his friend and host, Lord Hamilton; but Emma won.

As the book ends, Lord Hamilton, Emma, and Nelson embark for England. Emma says, "Tis like coming to the last page of a book." Nelson, knowing now that Emma will soon bear him a child, says, "Ah, but there will be another volume showing Emma in a new guise. I name it 'Guardian Angel.'"

Another volume? *Libera nos, Domine!* In spite of painstaking research and much fine writing, the present volume is one too many on "the true friend of Lord Nelson," the "Guardian Angel," the "Bride of Glory."

MARY L. DUNN

HISTORY BEHIND THE NEWS

MR. CHURCHILL. By Philip Guedalla. Reynal and Hitchcock, Inc. \$3

FOR those not too familiar with Mr. Churchill's long political record, an encouraging note for the post-Hitler future of Europe, now overhung with a portentous Red question mark, can be discerned in this well-rounded study of his public life and the period and influences which produced him. Those who are already acquainted with Churchill's career over the years and so do not need the encouragement will still find a rewarding biography in the superior Guedalla tradition with his characteristic literary style. But on the first score it becomes more than a classic portrait to inspire heightened faith in the tenacity and fighting fibre of England's Prime Minister.

It was inevitable that no biography of him could ignore his consistent opposition to Marxism in any form. His entire pre-War political life was strongly marked by it as by his unswerving devotion to any important issue he supported. He was a vociferous anti-Socialist from the first. In 1923 his long tenure in Commons was broken by his defeat as an independent anti-Socialist. The well known "War Lord" label was put on him by the H. G. Wellses and their kind as a result of his efforts in the 1919 War Ministry to manoeuvre for a defeat of the Bolsheviks in Russia. Later, after twenty years as a Liberal, his anti-Red stand led him to rejoin the Conservative ranks of Parliament.

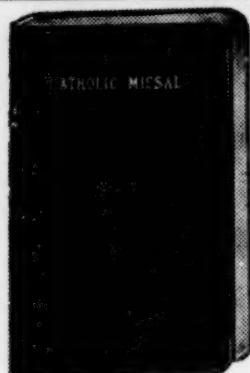
Guedalla honestly records the facts but, perhaps for tactical reasons and uneasy Stalinist readers, he seems to treat such things warily as Churchillian errors of judgment and in the end tries casually to pass the Prime Minister off as a somewhat repentant soul. The attempt falls quite flat. If this volume proves anything, it proves Mr. Churchill a man of unwavering principle who has often risked all rather than risk his integrity. But, also, it shows us a man of hard practicality in any danger confronting the England he so well symbolizes. While national emergency may find him allied with the Russian people, we feel that neither the War nor the post-War will see him abetting the extension of Communism. Mr. Churchill is guarantee that a Red victory will not mean a Red Europe.

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While it seems important to emphasize the foregoing points, they have to do only with interspersed portions of a well-proportioned volume covering a full and varied life. Besides an evocative picture of British politics throughout, the author presents Mr. Churchill's boyhood and family background, not neglecting his American mother. His adventure-loving youth as a soldier and journalist in the Indian campaigns and Boer War indicated the bent he would take in Commons where he subsequently held every major post of British administration. The final chapters, from the outbreak of the War to the Atlantic Charter, offer a superb literary sample of how history looks at all we have followed in the news. An eleven-page survey of source material and an index give added value to a book of merit and timely significance.

NATHANIEL W. HICKS

BALKAN CORRESPONDENT. By Derek Patmore. Harper and Bros. \$3

TO SPEAK of this as being other than a fragmentary study of the vastly complex Balkan problem would be an injustice to the book as well as to the author. Indeed, Mr. Patmore points out in his preface this very shortcoming. Nevertheless his was, as he says, a ring-side seat at the Battle of the Balkans. He was in Bucharest during the nervous days when Poland fell, and he witnessed those feverish changes of governments which reflected the altering attitude of Roumania as it drifted from its pro-British position toward German domination. The abundance of detail about prominent Roumanians is something we are grateful for; there are sketches of some: Tartaescu, Urdureanu and Codreanu, the founder of the Iron Guard movement; and there are full length portraits of Calinescu, Antonescu and of King Carol. In this sad drama of a nation's demoralization there is but one hero, the martyred Calinescu; villains abound, among the direst are Fabricius, the German minister to Roumania, and Konradi, the sinister Nazi agent.

Less satisfactory are those chapters dealing with the Bulgarian scene. The wish of this country, it ought to be made clear, was constantly for peace; and while the Bulgars wanted the Southern Dobrudja back and may have longed for the San Stefano boundaries, they would not have gone to war for them nor were they the bait which led them to allow German occupation, as Mr. Patmore says. Bulgaria's capitulation was not brought about by territorial greed but the threat of the *Wehrmacht*.

The third capital which the author visited was Ankara. He gives us a lively picture of those wonderful changes effected by Mustafa Kemal during the days of his energetic administration. The healing of the Sick Man of Europe, gone with his bags and baggage into Anatolia, comes near to being a social and cultural miracle. The Kemalist Turkey of to-day is the result of the hard sagacity of one man, who almost single-handed wrought a modern state from the debilitated Ottoman Empire. Mr. Patmore adds an excellent account of Saracoglu, Minister for Foreign Affairs, and of Ismet Inönü, president of the Turkish Republic and the man who holds the key to the Dardanelles. CHARLES DUFFY

THE DILEMMA OF SCIENCE. By William M. Agar, Ph.D. Sheed and Ward. \$2

RECENT years have been crying out for a book like this. It is the presentation in somewhat general yet succinct terms of the philosophic system maintained by Catholic scientists and the relations between this system and the problems which have arisen due to modern developments in the fields of physics and biology.

Its particular value lies in the fact that it is written by a qualified scientist (Professor of Geology at Columbia University) who is thoroughly familiar with Scholastic Philosophy. It is written somewhat after the manner of an expanded presidential address. It presumes intelligent understanding without the need of technical knowledge of any specialty. Yet the approach shows an insight into the methods and attitude of modern science.

tists which will make it acceptable in places where works more adequate in their treatment of the same topics would not find welcome.

This sympathetic understanding of the scientists' problems with regard to philosophy can come only, as it must have done in the case of the author, from constant contact and prolonged discussion with those who are daily facing these problems both in the lecture halls and the laboratories.

Thus, such questions as statistical laws and First Cause, Eddington's theory of the possibility of formulating all physical laws *a priori*, and the present trend away from materialism in scientific circles, are all discussed in the light of the traditional philosophy of Aristotle and Saint Thomas.

Professor Agar concludes: "Natural Science no longer pretends to be able to disprove Christianity. It does not mean that Natural Science accepts the Christian claim to furnish the only logical foundation upon which knowledge can be built." What follows? "It is the duty of Catholics to acquaint themselves with other points of view and to understand what makes other men disregard the Catholic view." One might well begin such a study by reading Professor Agar's book.

JOHN A. O'CONNOR

ANTON BRUCKNER, RUSTIC GENIUS. By Werner Wolff.

E. P. Dutton and Co. \$3.75

THIS sympathetic biography and critique concerns the life and art of the Austrian peasant composer who rose from the humble post of country music-teacher to attain a modest distinction in Franz Joseph's Vienna. Overshadowed by his mighty contemporaries, Wagner and Brahms, Anton Bruckner found few audiences who would sit through his lengthy symphonies. Today, however, his art is the object of the fanatical devotion of a small but intense cult of which Dr. Wolff is a distinguished member.

Bruckner was a devout Catholic. Einstein called him "the greatest and the only true Catholic composer of the nineteenth century." His religion, says his biographer, was no mere piety; his faith stimulated him and liberated his genius. Bruckner's three great Masses top an enormous output of sacred music. "The Church," Dr. Wolff admonishes "should call her greatest composer-son of the last century to the memory of her congregations more frequently than she has heretofore."

Reading over the details of the composer's sober, sparing life and recalling the bright pages of his many hard-worked scores, one wonders why it is that Bruckner never quite achieved that consistent level of inspiration which marks the creative genius of the first rank. Perhaps the clue to the problem is unwittingly suggested by Dr. Wolff, who openly admits his hero's life-long adoration of Wagner. We are told that Bruckner knelt before Wagner crying, "Oh, master, I worship you!" Nietzsche claimed that if a man would surrender to Wagner, he must hand over his soul in the bargain. It may be that Bruckner left something of himself at Wahnfried.

J. G. BRENNAN

SAINT THOMAS AQUINAS. By Raïssa Maritain. Longmans, Green and Co. \$1.50

EVERY tiny theologian of catechism age (in pantaloons or pinafore) will welcome this English edition of Madame Maritain's charming biography of the Angel of the Schools. Its 127 pages of crisp narrative sketch deftly and with dignity the life and spirit of Saint Thomas. Facts interlaced with legends prove that the author knows history well but children better. The style is simple, direct, easy, attractive, without cheap artifices of adult condescension. Here sincerity succeeds. In just this way did Our Lady tell the boy Jesus of Abraham and of David.

Julie Kernan's translation preserves the French verve and pace. Gino Severini's twenty-one ink sketches again animate the text with monks, mules, stars, angels, castles, churches, ships and kings, to win and hold juvenile attention.

JOSEPH T. CLARK

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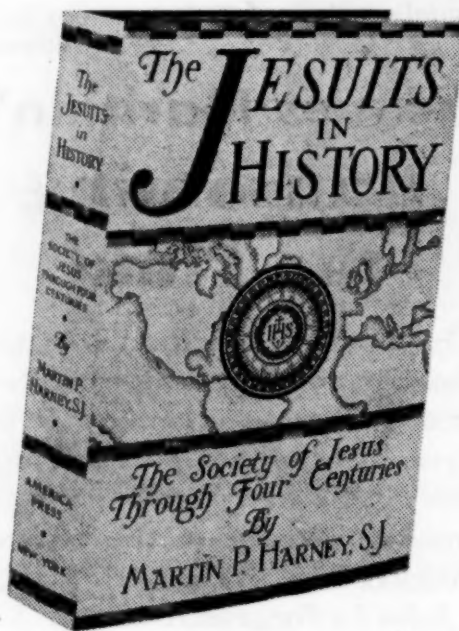
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John J. O'Connor in *AMERICA*

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GUEST IN THE HOUSE. We have another success on the New York stage. *Guest in the House*, written by Hagar Wilde and Dale Eunson from a story by Katherine Albert, and produced by Stephen and Paul Ames at the Plymouth Theatre, is already drawing large audiences. It is not a pleasant play but it is a powerful and deeply interesting one, superbly acted by a company headed by a young newcomer, Mary Anderson. This familiar name of a star of fifty years ago will probably be in electric lights over the entrance of the Plymouth in a few weeks more; for the new Mary Anderson, said to be only sixteen, is giving us some of the best acting of the season. That, when one considers the high quality of the acting in all our theatres, is a big tribute. But let us take up the play and its plot.

Into the attractive home of Ann and Douglas Proctor, devoted husband and wife living in a rural community, comes a relative of Ann. She is Evelyn Heath, a young girl with a serious heart ailment. She needs country air, rest and quiet. The Proctors, with two excellent servants to make them comfortable, welcome her with affectionate warmth. She looks the invalid she is—white-faced, hollow-eyed, barely able to walk up the staircase that leads from the living room to her bedroom. Her manners are charming. She is so young, so helpless, so appreciative of kindness, that hearts yearn over her.

Within an hour of her arrival the destruction of the Proctors' family life begins. Evelyn is given a bell to summon service if she needs it. She runs the cook almost off her legs. She has been given a phonograph and some records. She plays Liszt's *Liebestraum* for hours every day, till it gets on the nerves of every member of the family. She is bad clear through, instinctively malicious and malevolent. Proctor is an artist. She deliberately infuriates and gets rid of his model, who is posing for the illustrations for a serial. He cannot continue his work.

Evelyn so influences the little daughter of the house—a healthy, happy youngster—that the child begins to imitate her invalidism and becomes indifferent to her family. It wouldn't be fair to tell all Evelyn does; but she does it so subtly, with such infernal cunning, that her victims do not immediately realize what is happening to them. There is only one person Evelyn cannot deceive. That is Aunt Martha, beautifully played by Katherine Emmet, who is so well remembered as the grandmother in *The Children's Hour*. There, too, Miss Emmet had opportunity to study a demon in action.

Evelyn finally separates husband and wife, eliminates the two servants, drags Proctor's younger brother into her mesh. But this is where my record stops. Theatre-goers must watch Evelyn's devilishness, as it develops, to get the full effect of the play. The scene between her and Aunt Martha in the last moments of the last act sends big shivers along the spine. But that's no novelty. There are chills and shivers in many scenes. The play ends happily, however, for everyone but Evelyn.

To get back to the acting. Little Joan Spencer, who plays the eight-year old daughter of the family, is another find for the theatre. She will reward care in development. Ann and Douglas Proctor are seasoned players, admirable as the host and hostess of a visitor seemingly from the lower regions. Pert Kelton is excellent in the sharply drawn role of a sophisticated and blase model, who has a good deal to say and says it amusingly. Neighbors and callers, who drop in on the Proctors as the action grows hectic, contribute to a fine assortment of convincing types. Reginald Denham's direction and Raymond Sovey's set are capital.

But it is the acting of Mary Anderson, so young, so fragile, so appealing at first, so devastating as the situation develops, that will carry *The Guest in the House*.

ELIZABETH JORDAN

FILMS

TO BE OR NOT TO BE. Special interest attaches to this film since it is the last screen effort of the late Carole Lombard, but it is a thoroughly diverting production in its own right. Ernst Lubitsch has achieved the effect of novelty by combining a melodramatic theme with light treatment, and even though the story is not properly comic, it leaves an impression of comedy rather than of propagandist drama. The action has a Polish locale and rises from the patriotic efforts of a group of Shakespearean players to nullify the work of a German agent who has escaped from England with valuable information. They are led by the chief actor who dips into his bag of professional tricks to eliminate the spy, steal his gains, and land his troupe by plane in England. There are moments when seriousness threatens to break in, but the Lubitsch touch is never heavy. Miss Lombard is excellent in a spirited role, and Jack Benny makes the transformation from mannered comedian to romantic hero effectively. Robert Stack, Felix Bressart, Stanley Ridges, Lionel Atwill and Sig Rumann are also well-cast in a first-rate film for adults. (United Artists)

THE ADVENTURES OF MARTIN EDEN. The Jack London tradition of sea-going violence is preserved in this screen version of his novel, and there is an ample share for the scuffling which passes for complication in thrillers of this sort. There is an unexpected literary background to the yarn which relates the progress of a seaman who writes a book to clear a friend of the charge of mutiny, but whose crusading impulses are dulled somewhat when he falls in love with a shipowner's daughter. A false charge of plagiarism sets in motion a train of events which show him his true romantic interest and bring about the release of his friend. There are incidental details, mostly garish, such as the suicide of a tipling author who finds himself an unintentional plagiarist, and shipboard cruelties. Sidney Salkow has treated his material in old-fashioned, knock-down style and, in spite of modernizing touches, the picture never quite captures the tempo of real life. Glenn Ford is the literary but robust hero, with Claire Trevor, Stuart Erwin, Evelyn Keyes and Frank Conroy effective in an obvious adult melodrama. (Columbia)

FLY BY NIGHT. The inevitable foreign agents are in full pursuit of the inevitable vital secret in this film but there is a strange reversal of tradition involved. The action begins at top speed and gradually slows down to a meandering pace, and Robert Siodmak's direction is increasingly concerned with eccentric comedy touches. However, it is something of a redeeming trait when incredible incidents and situations are handled with casual airiness. A young doctor is accused of murder and becomes intimate with policemen, assassins and spies when he attempts to rescue a patriotic scientist and his secret weapon from an asylum where he is held captive by foreign agents. Together with a woman artist whom he marries in the course of the chase, the doctor outwits the enemy and finds himself a happy husband into the bargain. Nancy Kelly and Richard Carlson are engaging fugitives, with Albert Bassermann and Miles Mander wasted in type roles. A few vulgarities add to the difficulties of a routine production for adults. (Paramount)

TRAGEDY AT MIDNIGHT. A radio detective, as well as a literary sleuth, is always liable to the emergencies of real life, and the hero of this minor film finds himself forced to the limits of his ingenuity to clear himself of a murder charge. Clues and complications are plentiful and slightly confusing as John Howard and Margaret Lindsay run through an unoriginal story directed by Joseph Santley for adult enthusiasts. (Republic)

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MUSIC

RECORDINGS. During the middle 'eighties of the last century the young Gustav Mahler was making his way rapidly as a conductor. As a composer, he began his first Symphony in D major in 1883; he finished it five years later and personally conducted it in Budapest. This is a work of youth, an expression of the joy of living, but when it was first performed it was a complete failure, for Mahler's public was not ready for such deeply personal, individual music. Indeed, it is only in recent years that we have begun to appreciate his work at all. Many of the uninformed dubbed his work "old fashioned," but now we have awakened and it is all the fashion to perform Mahler. Erno Rapee is presenting the Mahler Symphony cycle each Sunday at noon, on the radio over the NBC Network, and Bruno Walter made a not too recent Victor recording, M-726, of the *Ninth Symphony* (also in D Major) with the Vienna Philharmonic.

It is Columbia that recently branched into the field of Mahler and engaged Dimitri Mitropoulos and the Minneapolis Symphony to record the *Symphony No. 1* in D major, M-469. Here the four movements are recorded on six records and under the direction of this great Greek conductor, these records take on unusual vitality. It is the same great Mitropoulos spirit transferred from the concert hall onto wax by this modern genius of the baton.

The first movement reminds one of a picture of dawn over the countryside. Strains of a folk tune intrude themselves and after an elaborate development, the long first movement ends in a joyous tumult. The second movement is a charming peasant dance, while the third, the slow movement, portrays a funeral march with the kettle-drums fatefully beating out the characteristic rhythm. Then a muted solo double-bass sings dolorously a minor version of *Frere Jacques*, an old French folk song. The last movement opens with a splintering crash of orchestral lightning that seems like a summer shower. This music pursues a tremendous course culminating in a stupendous chorale, which bring to a climax all the mighty forces of this huge work.

Goethe's ballad, *The Sorcerer's Apprentice*, was transferred into a musical scherzo by that poet of French music, Paul Dukas, and a more perfect piece of orchestral program music has never been written. We already have two recorded versions of this work by Victor—the Stokowski and Toscanini sets—but Columbia and Mitropoulos have made a new and superb recording of this work, Set X-212. The story of the work and the musical score are clearly and perfectly blended, a fact which Walt Disney perceived in his *Fantasia*.

In the popular department we find that many albums of old favorites have recently been issued. For instance, the Victor P-82 album, *Birth of the Blues*, by W. C. Handy. Lena Horne sings the *St. Louis, Memphis, Beale Street, Joe Turner, Aunt Hagar, East St. Louis* and *John Henry Blues*. NBC's Chamber Music Society of Lower Basin Street, conducted by Henry Levine, furnish the orchestral background.

Artie Shaw's Victor album P-85 with a mixture of old favorites like *Star Dust, Moon Glow and Traffic Jam* and *Back Bay Shuffle* is in the boogie-woogie manner. For those who want rhythm records, I can certainly recommend this set.

The *Tango with Cugat*, Victor P-83, and *Conga with Cugat*, Columbia C-74, are most worthwhile. Cugat can adapt most anything to the conga rhythm, even the Mendelssohn *Spring Song*. This may be thought desecration of the classics, but it is definitely clever.

Please forget Al Goodman's Columbia *Irving Berlin Album* and the Victor *Cole Porter Album* with the exception of Margaret Daum's singing.

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UNITY THROUGH PRAYER

EDITOR: In times of war and stress, national strength is born of national unity. We fight, suffer, build and hope as a united people. In name and in fact we are the United States. But we need unity on still another front if we are to preserve our national integrity. We must pray as a united people. We must make our plea for light, help and comfort converge on the throne of God from the four corners of our land. We will live or die as a nation. We must pray as a nation.

But how will this national prayer be possible? A very easy matter. Five minutes of radio time each day is all the physical equipment we shall require. We can entitle our program *The President at Prayer with His People* and it will proceed as follows. Each morning at a regular time before he begins his momentous work of the day, the President of the United States, in a coast-to-coast broadcast, would lead his people in a national, official prayer for peace and victory. In order that this prayer have the desired effect it seems: 1) that it should be led by the President; 2) that it be nation-wide; 3) that it be at a regular time each morning. In this way all those in our homes, schools, factories, offices and armies could pause in their work and join with our leader in asking God's blessing on our war effort. An "all-out" for production with an "all-out" for prayer is a hard combination to beat. If Christ Our Lord promised that He would be present where two or three gathered in His Name, then it must be still more true where a nation is at prayer.

What prayers could be said on this program might be determined later. However, we suggest the orations from the Masses "for Peace," "in Time of War" and "Against Pagans."

It is the sincere prayer of the undersigned that this plan or one similar to it will strike a sympathetic chord in the hearts of those in a position to make it effective.

Weston, Mass.

EDWARD L. MURRAY

TEACHING TEMPERANCE

EDITOR: It did not take John Wiltbye long to reply to Dr. John W. S. Brady's letter in *AMERICA* of February 14 anent prohibition. It is good to note the affection which Mr. Wiltbye conceived for the good doctor—which affection, I am sure, must also be held by a great number of your readers.

It is to be noted that Mr. Wiltbye used the word "whiskey" instead of the doctor's "distilled liquor"; although, perhaps, Mr. Wiltbye intended his term to include all "booze." The most surprising part of Mr. Wiltbye's letter, though, was his resurrection of the hoary absurdity that "man has been drinking fermented liquors all through the centuries and will continue to drink them." Is it not just as true that man has been guilty of all kinds of evil through the centuries and that, while it is sad to contemplate the prospect, he will continue to do evil? But is that any reason why the fight against evil should be ended?

Undoubtedly, too, the substances from which narcotics are derived have been in existence since the beginning of time, but we have seen fit to restrict the use of their products—yet, if alcohol is not essentially evil, neither are these products. It is their abuse which brings about the evil in each instance. No one will question the motives or the wisdom of those who have brought about laws to regulate and restrict the use of drugs; but how many there are who are quick to shout prohibitionist and hypocrite at those who would try to bring about any regulation or restriction in the use of "booze."

It would be hard indeed to follow the reasoning of those who would not agree with Mr. Wiltbye when he points out that "what remains for us is to teach as best we can, by word and by example." I wonder what he has to say regarding the policy of a few of our own Catholic publications in running liquor advertisements, with all the allure of similar ads in the daily papers? One of these papers started out a few years ago by accepting only beer ads, but has lately extended its policy to embrace all varieties of liquors—even to the extent in its Christmas issue of running a large notice of special "cut prices" on certain popular lines of whiskies, gin, etc., on a page adjacent to one devoted to the activities of the youth of the diocese. Are such things as this, Mr. Wiltbye, "teaching as best we can, by word and by example?"

Boston, Mass.

MICHAEL J. RYAN

GAY REVIEWER

EDITOR: It is a great pleasure to be reviewed by so gay and so well informed a critic as Charles A. Brady. He refers to my ambition to outlive Hitler, and I will pass on my hope for Mr. Brady so that when I have completed the last volume of the *World's End* series, he may be on hand to review it for your publication (cf. review *Dragon's Teeth*, *AMERICA*, February 21).

I could wish that all who disagree with my ideas might do it in the manner at once so amiable and so intelligent.

Pasadena, Calif.

UPTON SINCLAIR

VIGOROUS THEATRE INFANT

EDITOR: Congratulations to *AMERICA* and Courtenay Savage on his fine survey of the regional meeting of the Catholic Theatre Conference at Dubuque (*Catholic Theatre Looks Ahead*, *AMERICA*, February 21).

The exciting thing about all this is that it is something that is going on clear across the country. It is inevitably a little stronger in Chicago and the mid-West, as is proper, since the Conference began in Chicago in 1937. It is strong now in New York, thanks to the fine new theatre at Fordham and the success of the Blackfriars' experimental theatre under Father Nagle in West 57th Street. But it is also strong at the moment in Boston, where Father Bonn, S.J., has been planning something new in summer schools of drama: a school devoted to the training of people devoted to the community aspect of theatre work; in Washington, where Walter Kerr's recent production of Graham Greene's *Brighton Rock* maintained the high standard that Catholic University has been setting for many years now; in Pittsburgh, where the Catholic Theatre Guild still gives special attention to new plays; in San Francisco, where the young Catholic Theatre Guild, under Genevieve Sullivan, is hitting a consistently high average; and in Los Angeles, where Joseph Rice is carrying on the excellent work in the Catholic Theatre Guild started by Charles Costello, and is now planning the first experimental showing of *Murder in a Nunnery*.

From the national office of the Conference (316 West 57th Street, New York, N. Y.) can now be obtained attractive monthly news letters which give the whole picture of Catholic theatre straight across the country. Many things remain to be done, of course. We have only some very modest membership fees on which to operate. But the basic idea is thriving.

Most encouraging signs: the continued use of guest stars by the college and community theatres; the wise emphasis on theatre as a correlative force in education; the new balance of interest as between the professional

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and non-professional theatre, so that everyone who loves theatre does not feel he must have it on Broadway or it is no fun; the steady growth of regional interest, functioning in harmony with the national office; the steady increase in good summer schools of drama—there is a possibility that Fordham University, as well as Boston College and Catholic University, may be offering work in drama summer schools this year; the expanding horizons of Catholic theatre in the colleges and schools; the inevitable widening of sound theatre perspective; and most of all, the rediscovery in the professional theatre itself—see Maxwell Anderson's recent article in the New York Times on theatre as religion—that the theatre is inevitably a place for believers, for men who believe in the religious exaltation of the spirit of man.

Yes, we still lack plays with enough good roles for women. More parish theatres and more trained directors still need to meet each other. Equipment is variable. So is the acting, at times. But all these are minor factors. They will be resolved in time. The important thing is that we are beginning to produce according to the tradition which our forbears gave to the theatre.

Hollywood, Calif.

EMMET LAVERY

APOSTOLATE FOR ALCOHOLICS

EDITOR: Father O'Connell's tribute to the Alcoholics Anonymous is deserved (*Grace of God Still Needed in Sure Cure for Alcoholics*, AMERICA, February 14). I have met some of these men in Cleveland and have found them full of sympathetic zeal for their fellow alcoholics. The Catholics I met told me that the Alcoholics Anonymous brought them back to the practice of their religion. This, however, is the point on which I feel there might be some danger. A weak Catholic might feel that the movement did more for him than his religion and as a result might rest satisfied with prayer and the weekly meetings of the group to the continued neglect of Mass and the Sacraments. I should like to hear from readers how great or how little they think that danger is.

An attempt was made a few years ago in Cleveland to have Catholic Alcoholics form into a Matt Talbot (Wagon) Club. The group was formed among homeless men and was as successful as could be expected of a group with no social roots and with constant changing of leaders as the men moved on. But the method ought to be very successful with Catholics who have homes and who can give continuous devotion to the work. Their technique was the following:

I. *Human Weakness*: A man must feel beaten to the point where he admits that he is too humanly weak to overcome this evil alone. Then only is he ready to reach out for Divine strength.

II. *Divine Strength*: Conquest of his human weakness is to be had through daily (if not hourly) prayer and through the regular and frequent reception of the Sacraments. He should begin by making a general confession and so begin a new way of life.

III. *Apostolic Zeal*: He must forget himself and his desires in working for others, especially fellow alcoholics whom he alone knows and can reach. These meet together weekly for mutual encouragement and planning to help others. They must work with the zeal of Apostles for their fellow alcoholics as a means to save themselves. This gives them a positive outlet for their energy and makes the movement grow.

Cleveland, Ohio.

W. G. LAUER

SUGAR RATIONING

EDITOR: I read with interest your recent comment of February 7, and since sugar is being so widely discussed these days I venture, as Secretary of United States Beet Sugar Association, to call attention to certain facts not always understood by consumers.

The need for rationing sugar results principally from these conditions: (a) apparent consumption of sugar in

the United States in 1941 was at least 1,000,000 tons greater than normal, which depleted normal reserve stocks; (b) sugar from the Philippines, ordinarily amounting to another 1,000,000 tons annually, has been cut off by the war, and it appears not unlikely that the usual supplies from Hawaii and other off-shore areas will be reduced; (c) the United States is committed to make large stocks of sugar available to Great Britain, Canada, Russia and possibly others of the United Nations; (d) a substantial part of the Cuban crop, which has been purchased by the Defense Supplies Corporation, will be converted into molasses for the production of alcohol. In war, alcohol is a prime necessity since it is used in making dynamite, smokeless powder, etc.

However, the outlook is not entirely blue, for even with wartime rationing consumers of the United States will have larger per capita supplies than are ordinarily available to consumers during peacetimes in certain other countries. Our supplies of sugar are not completely dependent on sea-borne shipping, which is always subject to the hazards of war. We have, in the beet sugar industry of the United States, a source of sugar within our own continental borders which in peacetimes supplies all the sugar needs of 30,000,000 consumers and which, with rations in effect, can supply 80,000,000 consumers. In 1942 the industry will, according to Leon Henderson's calculations, become the most important single source of our sugar supplies.

Since the first World War the production of beet sugar in this country has more than doubled, and to that extent our consumers are independent of foreign and insular sources of supply.

If consumers could be made fully aware of these facts, it seems to me that some of their current misapprehensions could be dispelled.

Washington, D. C.

NEIL KELLY

MAGAZINE-POISON ANTIDOTE

EDITOR: The article *Some Pages in Our Magazines Should be Labeled "Poison"* (AMERICA, February 14), by John A. Toomey, is excellent. Upon reading it, it occurred to me that it has hit on the most effective means of combating this infiltration of paganism; namely, ridicule coupled with short, pithy rebuttal. Out of their own mouths, confound them. It is a means that I believe will be most effective with the reading public and hit the publishers where they least expect, in their most vulnerable spot.

To show you what I mean, I would like to tell the reaction of your article on me, an average magazine reader. I read dozens of magazines and had read or was familiar with most of your "horrible examples." Every one of them has an insidious pagan influence because most readers are unthinking and although the instructed Catholic will differ with the ideas expounded, he will accept them as evidences of modern thought and they will influence him unconsciously. I recall the incident you report from *Time* magazine. I suspected that the whole story had not been told and the implication of Pope Leo's message warped, but I dismissed it in my mind as a probable "tirade" of the nineteenth-century Pope on a political question of that day. Now I see how really wise the Pope was.

Your other examples are very effective, particularly your treatment of the fiction. Torn from their tear jerking verbiage, those quotations and situations are laughable and ridiculous. And so, laughter, ridicule, sarcasm should be used to reduce these ideas to their full implication and utter absurdity.

Most magazine editors are under a delusion. They think they must be sensational to be a success, when all they need be is interesting. They all want to keep up a great "face" before the public, and the news magazines want to be the rightest of the right. If you show how ridiculous they are sometimes and how very wrong they are sometimes, they might see the light and mend their ways.

Sidney, Ohio.

J. A. WAGNER

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EVENTS

IN a large Eastern city, the local branch of a national taxicab company recently purchased seventy horses and carriages, with the view of placing them in taxi service. . . . The news came from a correspondent who wrote: "Yesterday I had occasion to use two taxis. Each driver informed me that his company had just bought a livery stable and acquired seventy horses and carriages. Apparently both drivers were wonderfully impressed with the idea of hiring horses to replace taxis. Just think of the industries that will be revived by the return of old Dobbin." . . . The communication suggests a picture that will prove nostalgic to not a few. . . . If Dobbin is resurrected, he will not rise alone. . . . With him will appear the old blacksmith shop . . . the carriage builder . . . the harness shop . . . the lap-ropes, horse-blankets, buggy whips, carriage rugs . . . the iron figures to which his forefathers and foremothers were tied. . . . The livery stable in which his ancestors munched their oats may supplant the garage, and the hay-and-feed store may displace the filling station. . . . Old things that were believed to be gone forever may leap back to life and once more impart their distinctive coloring to the social scene. . . . Forty years or so ago these objects were actually coloring that scene. . . . Many people now living spent their tender years surrounded by livery stables and hitching posts. . . . And yet, so rapidly were these phenomena shuffled off life's stage that other millions of contemporaries had no contact with them. . . . Thus, the nation is now composed of two groups, differing sharply in their early environmental background; one group consisting of those whose baby eyes opened on a way of life which for motion hither and yon leaned heavily on energy derived from hay and oats; the other comprising those whose infant orbs gazed on a mode of existence that was independent of power generated from hay-oats, whose tiny nostrils whiffed the odor of gasoline and carbon monoxide. . . . And the shift from the one era to the other was perhaps the speediest in the long history of era shifts. . . .

Hitching posts, livery stables, buggy whips were not the only products of the pre-gasoline epoch. . . . There were numerous others, among them the brides and grooms of the day. More naive than ours, these brides and grooms took their wedding vows seriously, and even went to the length of fulfilling their plighted troth, and of living together for life. . . . In that primitive age, the widespread modern development of husband-trading and wife-trading was unknown. . . . These husbands and wives went even further in their naivete. They did not (and this must seem incredible to the modern mind), they did not block the entrance of children into the world. . . . Indeed, wives of the era actually preferred children to dogs, with the result that homes echoed to the annoying cries of human babies instead of the joyful yapping of puppies, as obtains now. . . . Doctors in that strange age thought only of curing their patients. Campaigns for legislation permitting medical men to murder their clients never occurred to the pre-gasoline mind. . . . Unknown also to that mind was the idea of organized propaganda inducing couples to detour the duties while enjoying the delights of wedded life. . . . It was an era which still believed in Christ. . . . Secular education had not yet gotten in its licks. . . .

Many persons now living opened their infant eyes on a nation that was still Christian. . . . But millions of others opened their little orbs on a nation that was no longer Christian, and found, in their tiny nostrils, the rancid odor of paganism. . . . So swift was the transition. . . . The report that the nation is going back to Dobbin is of little consequence. . . . If there were only news that the nation is going back to Christ. . . . If there only were. . . .

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